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HARDCORE ARTIST

CHANEL PRESTON

MARCH 2015 $8.99 U.S.
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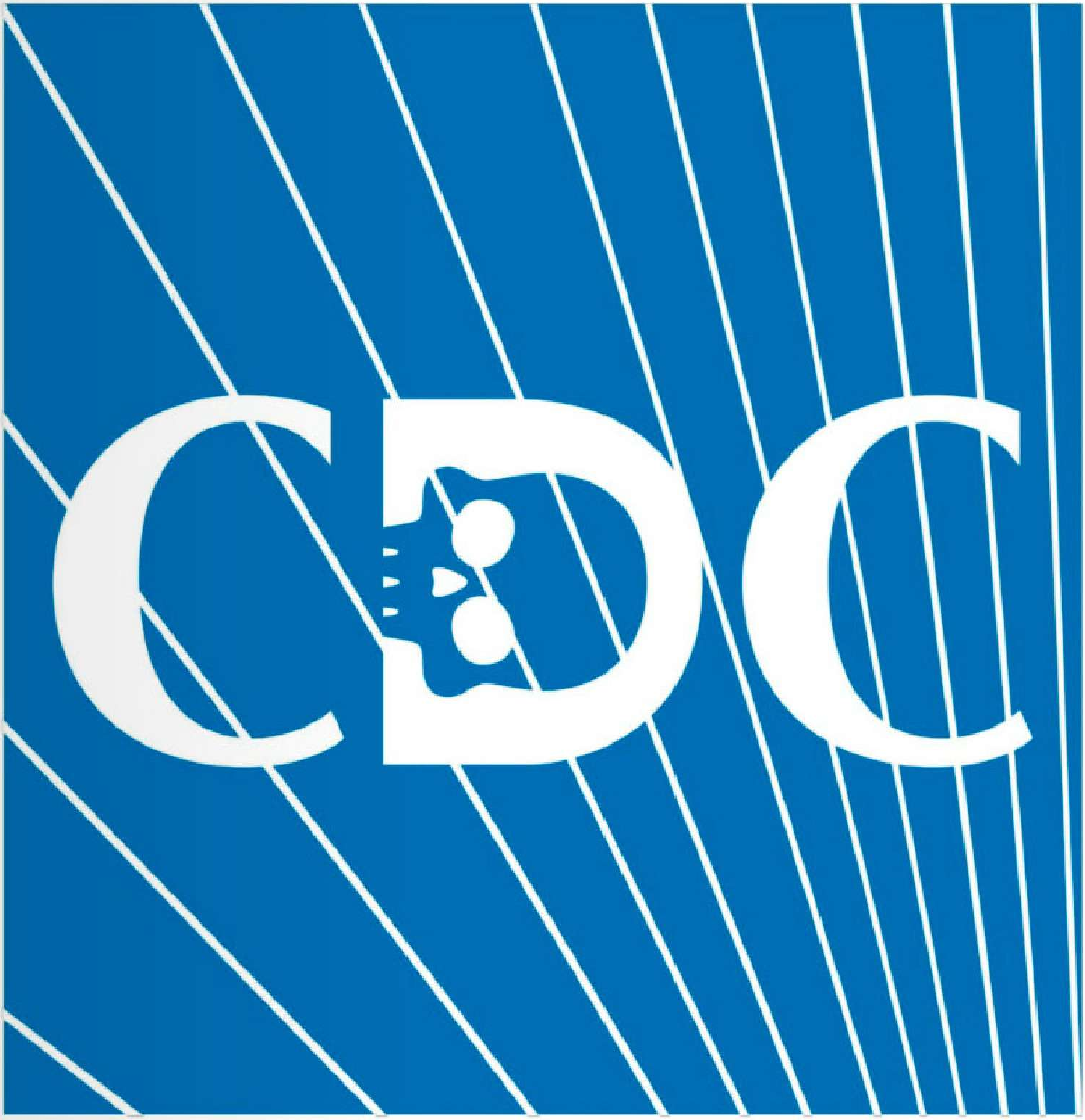

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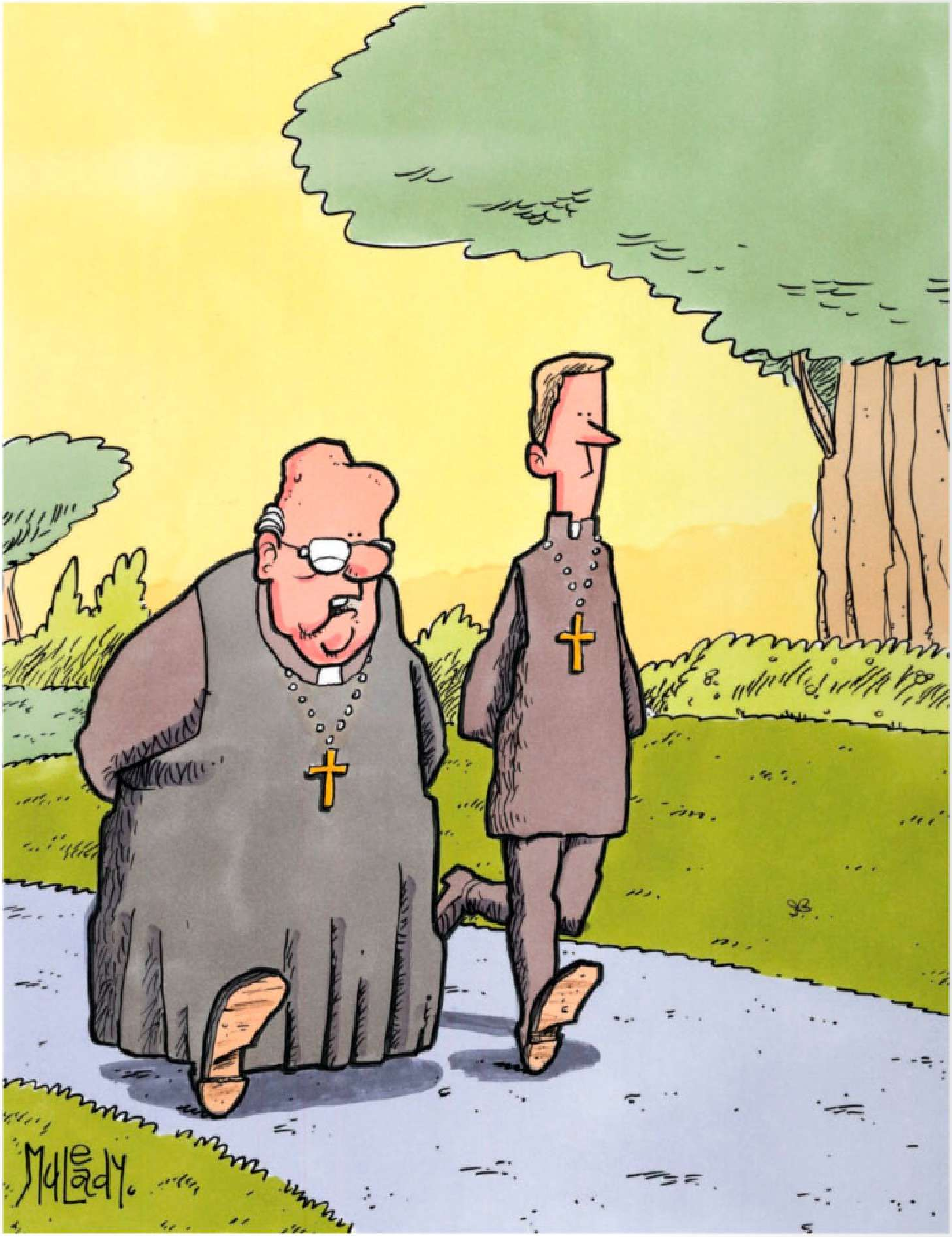

"Of course there's no God. Do you think I'd still be fucking little boys if there were?"

MARCH 2015
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HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER®

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She's a piano prodigy, an accomplished artist and gives one helluva blowjob. How did an Alaskan beauty with the world at her feet decide hardcore was where she belonged—and what the fuck does it have to do with Mozart? Interview and candid photos by M. Allen Nathan.

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The geekfest of arrested development known as Comic-Con has ravaged San Diego yet again. This time we hooked up with cosplay babes willing and eager to reveal everything between their boots and masks. Comic-Con moderator Craig Ferguson called the costumed women at this year's event "vaguely slutty," but there's nothing vague about these girls. Photography by Supershooter Wilferd Guenthoer.

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We serve up a lot of vanilla flesh in the pages of HUSTLER, but we also swirl in plenty of mouthwatering chocolate. Feast your cocks on a XXXmas buffet of our finest juicy booty.

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Cover photo by Victoria Landry

HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

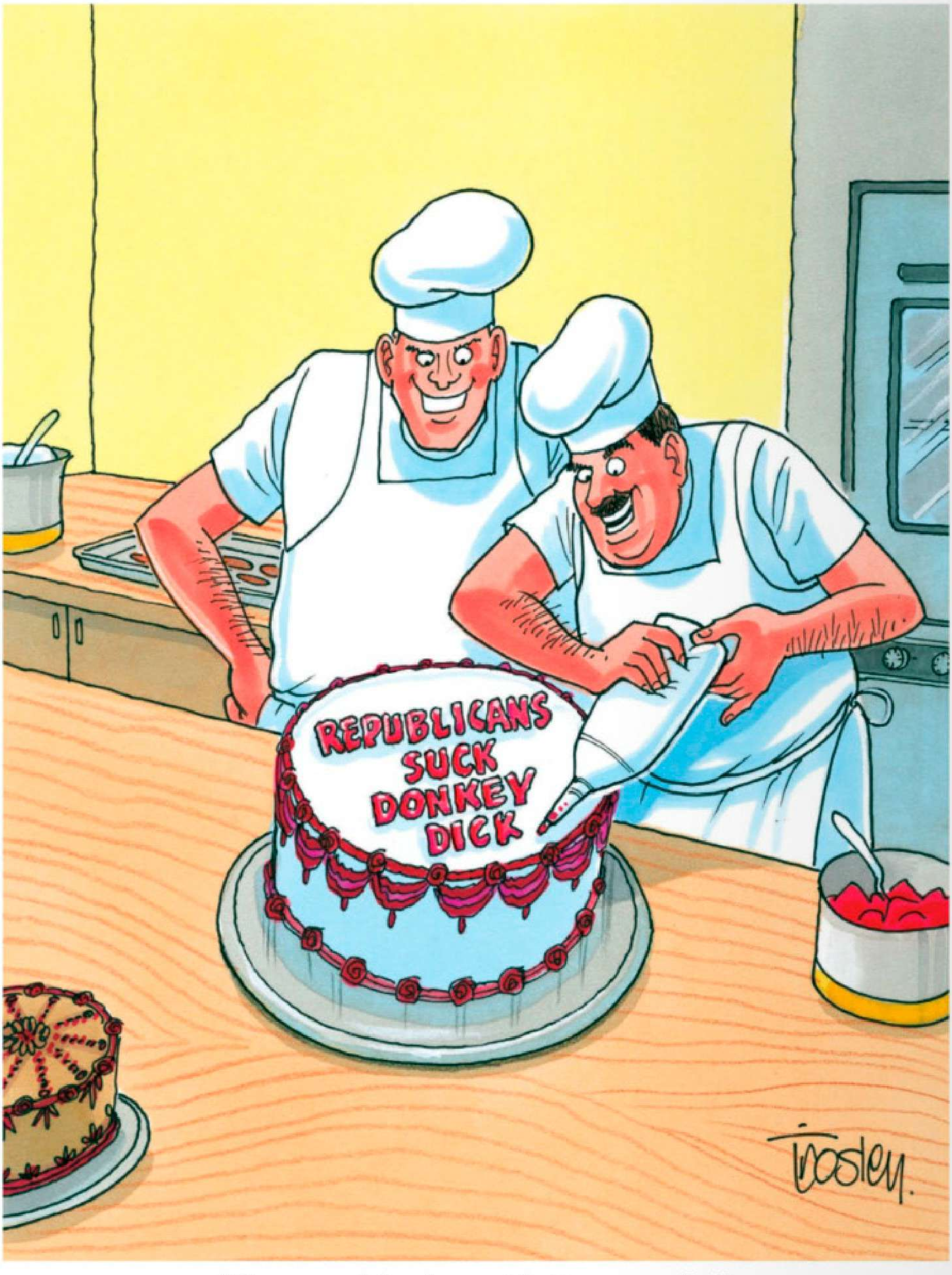
A YEAR WITHOUT RELIGION

Get ready for the year ahead. Judging by the last one, it's going to be a bumpy ride. One of the biggest reasons for it, in my view, is religious fanaticism, an illness that blows everything out of proportion and halts progress in its tracks.

The distortion of Fundamentalist beliefs—regardless of which religion—is one of the single biggest threats facing our democracy and our freedom. The issue is no longer only sexual and cultural freedom within our own country. The threat of brutal regimes abroad is being used to create an intolerant regime at home and further the goals of war profiteers. Religion is increasingly becoming a death spiral on both domestic and international fronts.

The only escape is to re-embrace our country's founding principles and keep religion out of politics, the courts and foreign policy. Call me crazy—as people often do—but I'm calling for a year without religion. Imagine it: Intolerant assholes would have no higher excuse for their actions. We wouldn't have to listen to mythical nonsense from people intent on keeping us all backward and ignorant. Our world would probably make more progress in one year than it has in the last one hundred. Common sense and actual human compassion might stand a chance. Let's face it, God hasn't been all that good to us lately. Let's give him some time off.

Larry Flynt
Publisher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"These special orders get better every day!"

MARCHING DOWN BLUNDER ROAD

IRAQ IS LITTERED WITH CHEMICAL AND CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS COURTESY OF THE USA.

Was Saddam Hussein a danger because his arsenal included weapons of mass destruction? That was the pretext for the 2003 Iraq invasion, which left thousands of American soldiers dead or maimed while visiting death and destruction upon millions of Iraqi civilians.

The region has been in turmoil ever since because the guys chosen by our government to take Hussein's place have turned Iraq into a terrorists' paradise. During Hussein's secular dictatorship any religious fanatic—particularly one with ties to his sworn enemy, al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden—was simply shot on sight. No Iraqis were among the hijackers orchestrating the 9/11 attacks; yet members of the George W. Bush Administration claimed there were. So the "best" reason for deposing Hussein was those WMDs we never could find.

Then came the October 2014 *New York Times* story about U.S. soldiers first encountering chemical weapons in Iraq in 2004! Finally the apparent madness of the invasion made sense. Could Bush and Dick Cheney have been vindicated? And if so, why hadn't they been bragging about the discovery of Iraq's chemical weapons?

It seems the thousands of "found" WMDs were the wrong ones.

The existence of these weapons, which on occasion harmed the military personnel and civilians who came upon them, had been kept a deep secret because of an enormously embarrassing fact: These were not the "bad" chemical weapons that Hussein's regime allegedly had been cooking up. They were the "good" ones the U.S. gave the Iraqi dictator when he was our guy fighting a war with Iran.

Our government not only never wanted us to know about these weapons, but also threatened soldiers with violating national security if any talked about it. That was true even after they got sick trying to collect those rusting relics of American-formulated toxins that were used to massacre Iranians and Iraqi Kurds, many of them civilians. Apparently during the Iran-Iraq War (1980-1988) the United States believed chemical weapons were a good thing.

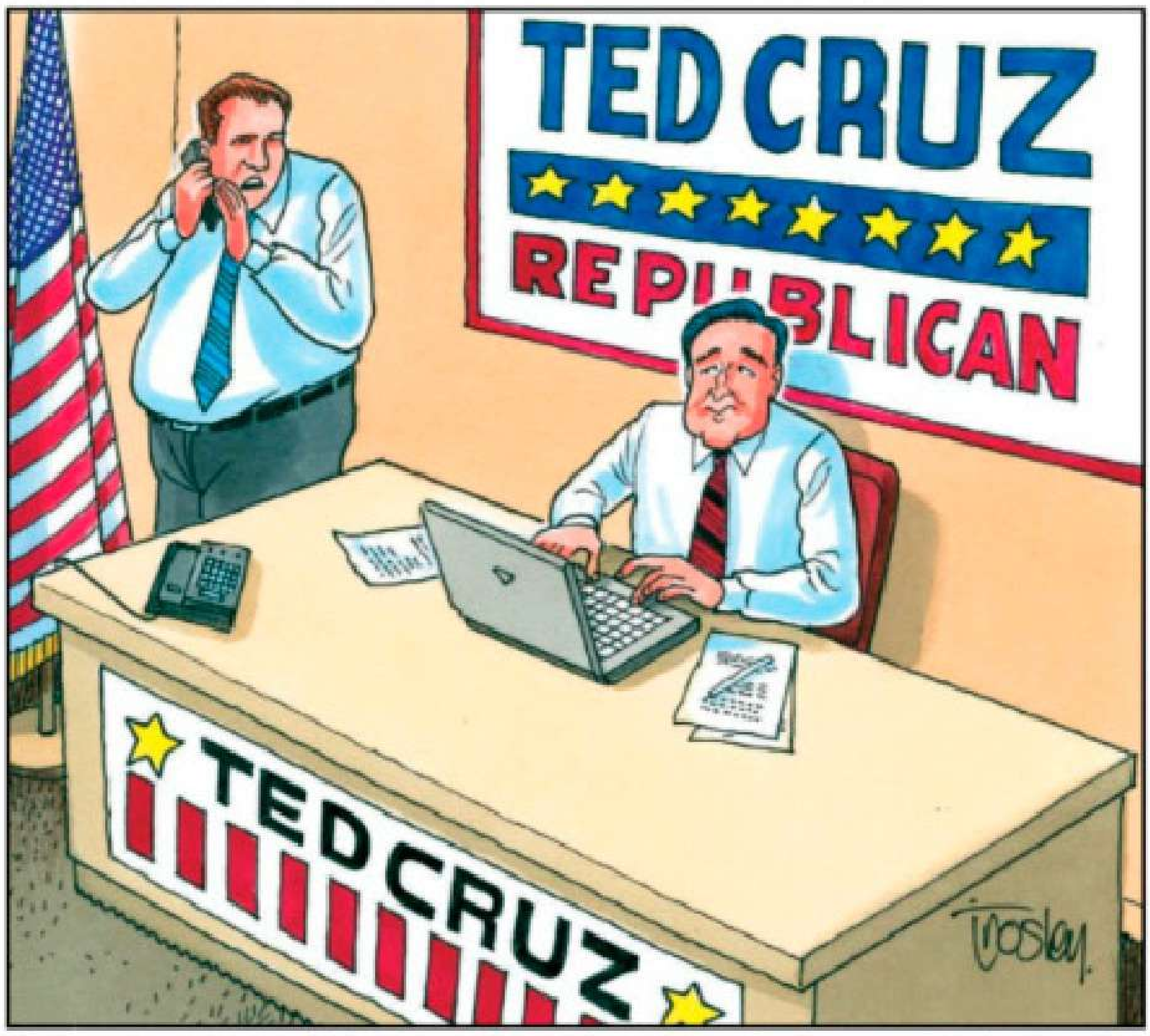
This revelation is no doubt an inconvenient truth. The United States undermined what little stability existed in the Middle East and set loose the most vicious religious carnage since the Crusades because it felt threatened by Saddam Hussein's supposed stash of WMDs. But the only evidence of WMDs is the discovery of chemical weapons this country supplied to Iraq decades ago.

The *New York Times* deserves a Pulitzer Prize for busting Bush on this. In a follow-up editorial the newspaper stated, "The investigation exposes shocking failings by the Pentagon, among them a callous disregard for the safety and care of American and Iraqi troops and a disturbing pattern of secrecy that can only erode public confidence in government.... Over the years, even as troops kept stumbling over these weapons, the discoveries were not shared publicly, and even in the military and Congress there were very few people who knew about them. Troops who came into contact with chemical weapons were told to keep the information secret. The result was to expose everyone else—soldiers and doctors—to further risk."

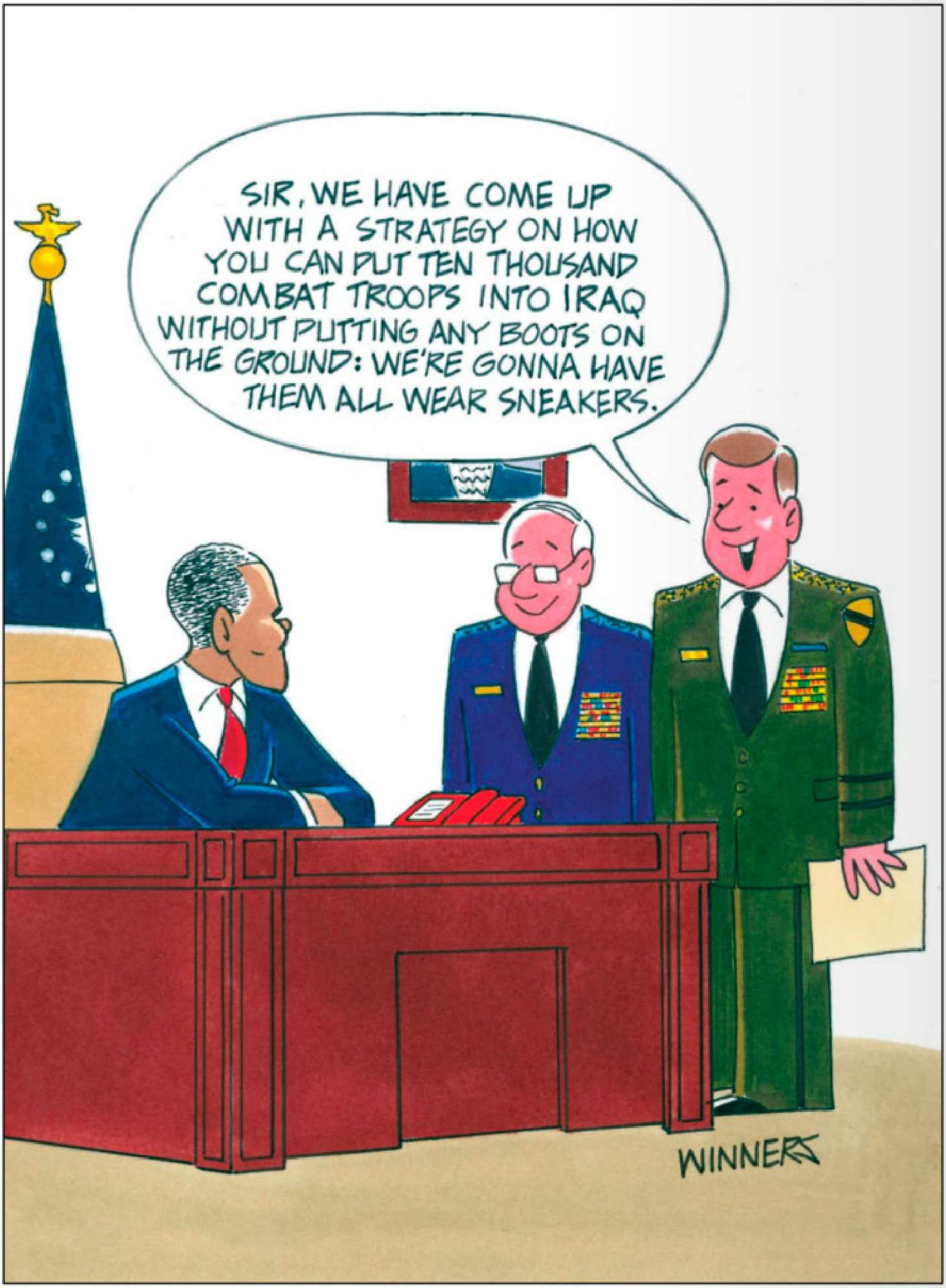
The *Times* story broke because the Islamic State—a renegade al-Qaeda offshoot that would have been ruthlessly smashed by Hussein—suddenly controlled a large swath of Iraq where some of the dictator's old American-supplied chemical weapons were still lying about. There were fears that ISIS could recycle them to use against the crowd that the U.S. had installed to rule Iraq. It wasn't much of a threat. Those weapons were so decrepit, they posed more of a danger to anyone who tried to deploy them than to their intended targets.

As it turns out, the Islamic State fanatics didn't need those weapons. The costly U.S. effort to train and equip almost a million Iraqi soldiers and police had put far more powerful and reliable weaponry into the hands of the Islamic State than those rusting canisters from 30 years ago. When Iraq's defenders collapsed in the face of ISIS forces—dropping their weapons, ripping off their uniforms and abandoning high-tech American-made tanks—the Islamic State instantly became the world's best-equipped terrorist force.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of TruthDig.com. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"The American public hated your last speech...but *Saturday Night Live* wants to purchase it for a comedy sketch."


SIR, WE HAVE COME UP WITH A STRATEGY ON HOW YOU CAN PUT TEN THOUSAND COMBAT TROOPS INTO IRAQ WITHOUT PUTTING ANY BOOTS ON THE GROUND: WE'RE GONNA HAVE THEM ALL WEAR SNEAKERS.
WINNER

MONEY FOR MAIN STREET!

IT'S TIME FOR AMERICA'S CENTRAL BANK TO JUMP-START THE ECONOMY BY BAILING OUT THE 99%.

When *Foreign Affairs*, the mouthpiece of the policy-setting Council on Foreign Relations, runs an article recommending that the Federal Reserve do a money drop directly on the 99%, you know the central bank must be down to its last bullet. The publication's September/October 2014 issue featured a startling proposal by Mark Blyth and Eric Lonergan titled "Print Less but Transfer More: Why Central Banks Should Give Money Directly to the People." It's the sort of thing normally heard only from money reformers and Social Credit enthusiasts far from the mainstream. What's going on?

The Fed, it seems, has finally run out of other ammo. It has to taper its quantitative-easing program, which is eating up the Treasuries and mortgage-backed securities needed as collateral for the repo market—the engine of the bankers' shell game.

Meanwhile, the economy continues to teeter on the edge of deflation. The Fed needs to pump up the money supply and stimulate demand in some other way. All else having failed, it is reduced to trying what money reformers have been advocating for decades: Get money into the pockets of the people who actually spend it on goods and services.

Blyth (a Brown University economics professor) and Lonergan (a London-based hedge fund manager) write, "Low inflation... occurs when people and businesses are too hesitant to spend their money, which keeps unemployment high and wage growth low. In the eurozone, inflation has recently dropped perilously close to zero.... At best, the current policies are not working; at worst, they will lead to further instability and prolonged stagnation."

The authors add, "Governments must do better. Rather than trying to spur private-sector spending through asset purchases or interest-rate changes, central banks, such as the Fed, should hand consumers cash directly. In practice, this policy could take the form of giving central banks the ability to hand their countries' taxpaying households a certain amount of money. The government could distribute cash equally to all households or, even better, aim for the bottom 80% of households in terms of income."

As Blyth and Lonergan point out, "Targeting those who earn the least would have two primary benefits. For one thing, lower-income households are more prone to consume, so they would provide a greater boost to spending. For another, the policy would offset rising income inequality."

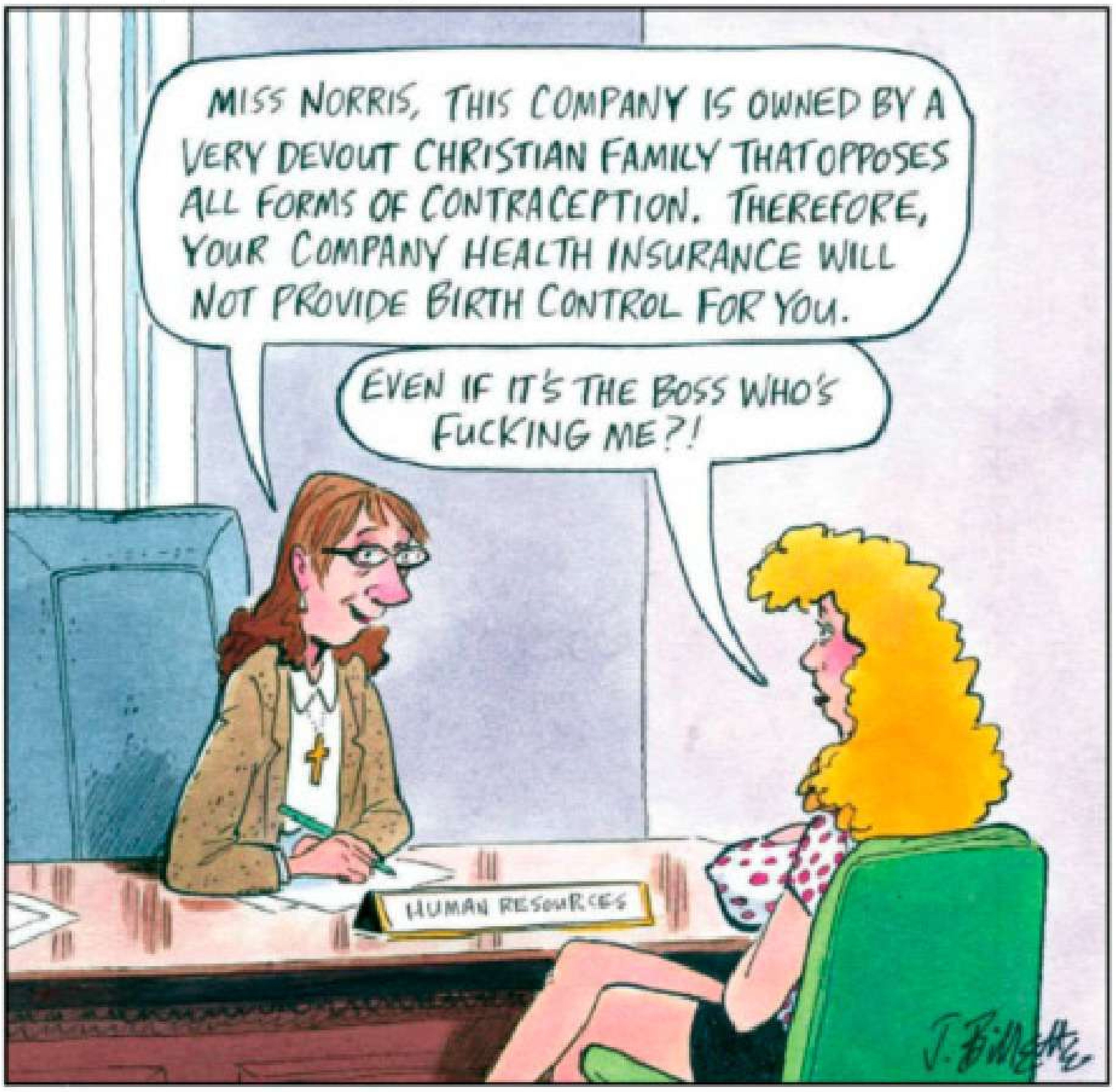
Today most of the global economy is drowning in debt, and central banks have played all their other cards. Blyth and Lonergan note that "It's well past time, then, for U.S. policymakers—as well as their counterparts in other developed countries—to consider a version of [Milton] Friedman's helicopter drops. In the short term such cash transfers could jump-start the economy. Over the long term they could reduce dependence on the banking system for growth and reverse the trend of rising inequality. The transfers wouldn't cause damaging inflation, and few doubt that they would work. The only real question is why no government has tried them."

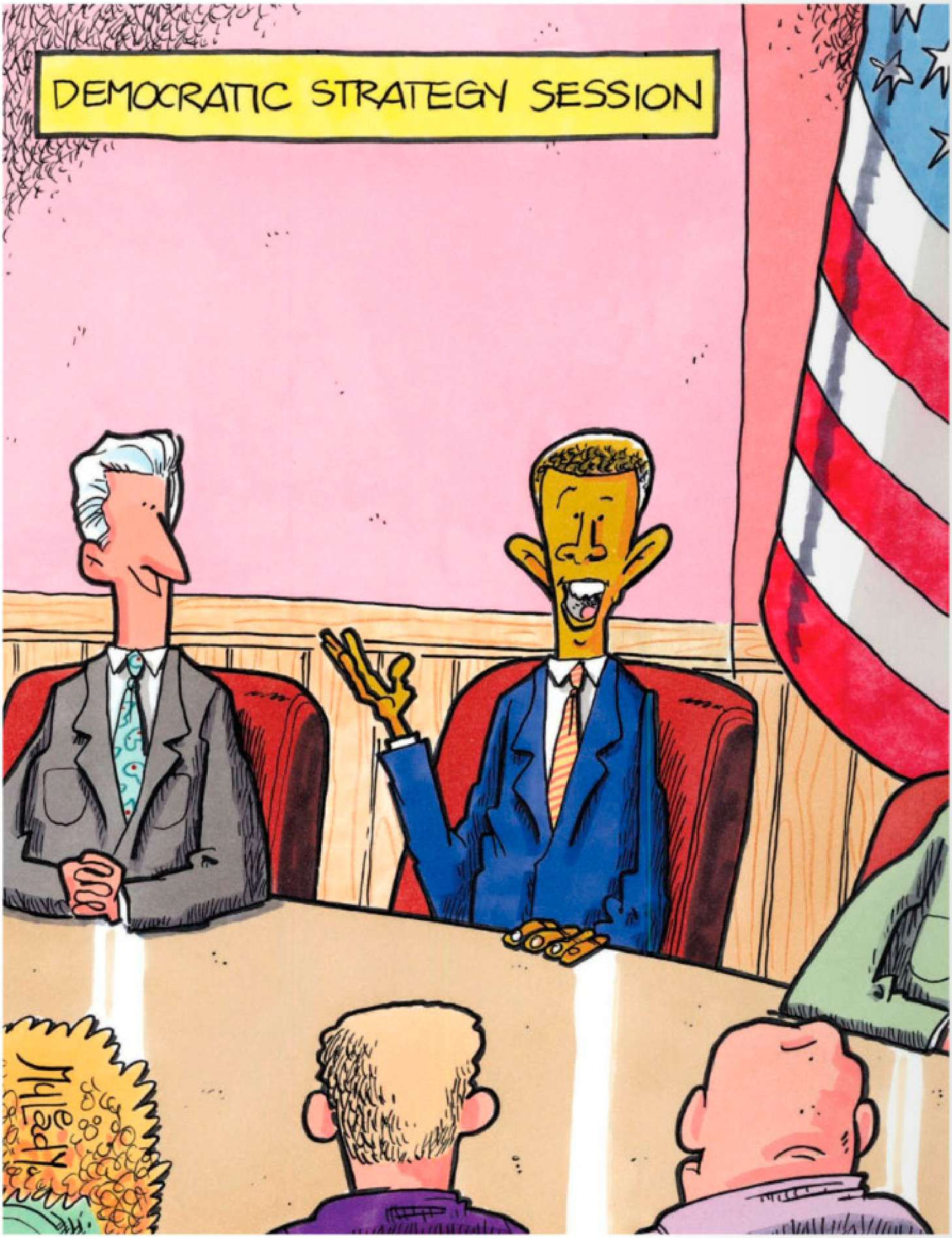
Why not just stimulate employment through the Congressional funding of infrastructure projects, as politicians usually advocate?

In their *Foreign Affairs* article, Blyth and Lonergan write, "The problem with these proposals is that infrastructure spending takes too long to revive an ailing economy.... Governments should...continue to invest in infrastructure and research, but when facing insufficient demand, they should tackle the spending problem quickly and directly."

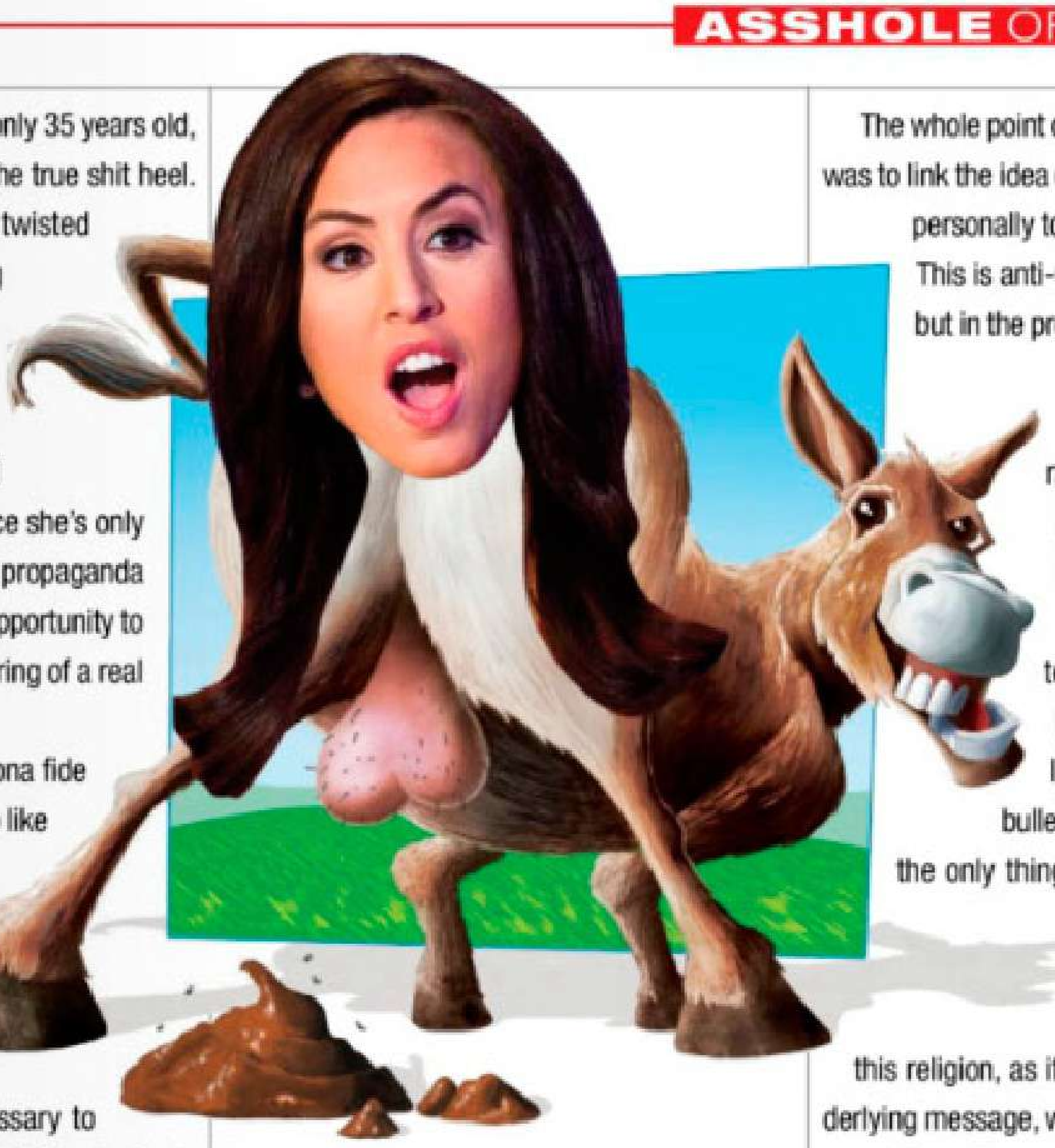
The antidote to deflation—a shrinking supply of money—is to add more. The Fed tried adding money to bank balance sheets through its quantitative-easing program, but the result was simply to drive up the profits of the 1%. The alternative that hasn't yet been tried is to bypass the profit-siphoning 1% and actually put the money in the hands of the people who create consumer demand.

Ellen Brown is an attorney, founder of the Public Banking Institute and author of 12 books, including the bestseller *Web of Debt*. In her latest book, *The Public Bank Solution*, she explores successful public-banking models historically and globally. Her 200-plus blog articles are at **EllenBrown.com**.


MISS NORRIS, THIS COMPANY IS OWNED BY A VERY DEVOUT CHRISTIAN FAMILY THAT OPPOSES ALL FORMS OF CONTRACEPTION. THEREFORE, YOUR COMPANY HEALTH INSURANCE WILL NOT PROVIDE BIRTH CONTROL FOR YOU.
EVEN IF IT'S THE BOSS WHO'S FUCKING ME?!
HUMAN RESOURCES


DEMOCRATIC STRATEGY SESSION
McLeady

"Since Republicans are against everything I do, I'm going to push the conservative agenda during my final two years just to fuck with them."



ANDREA TANTAROS

This month's assholette is only 35 years old, which is like puberty for the true shit heel. Assholes get more bitter and twisted over the years, eventually piling up more hemorrhoids of hate than any ointment could ever remedy.

This Fox News floozy is well on her way to that fate. But since she's only just recently emerged from her propaganda training, she offers us a prime opportunity to examine the creation and nurturing of a real colossal cunt.

It's hard to say whether a bona fide Asshole crawls out of the womb like the baby from *It's Alive!* or becomes a monster through careful nurture. But Tantaros's personal history suggests that she innately possessed the sour clay necessary to mold her sociopathic mind. Straight out of college, she was drawn to the Washington, D.C., GOP like a Greek goddess who couldn't wait to slum-fuck with the mortals. She played press secretary and campaign wonk to the Republican leadership, figuring out quickly that her opportunism and moderately fuckable good looks would be best served in the low-expectation field of media strategy.

When they fished her out of the slimy swamp of Republican operatives and talking-point hacks, Fox News made sure their new sleaze sister had a perfect hokey American Dream backstory, trotting out a narrative about her Greek immigrant dad living in a cardboard box in the back of a greasy spoon, then breeding with her mom in a fleabag motel to spawn the dreaded Cuntaros. Peddling their usual up-by-your-bootstraps bullshit, the propagandists naturally sidestepped the obvious question of why an immigrant who comes to this country to seek opportunity has to sleep in a cardboard box to begin with. Homeless misery is apparently a romantic notion to these idiots.

Ironically, Fox News slapped a slut dress and heels on this budding brunette version of Ann Coulter in an attempt by the channel to not seem like it's perpetually afflicted with a strain of right-wing rabies. Tantaros was supposed to be the smiley, easy-on-the-groin face of conservative news after Mitt Romney got squashed under Obama's heel like a burger-joint cockroach. The morning after the election, Roger Ailes and his yes-men woke up and realized the country might not be turning into one big Tea Party after all.

But it didn't take long for sweet little Andrea to unleash the beast. In a relatively short time Cuntaros has reeled off a quote collection worthy of her bitter-twatted talk-radio-slot predecessor Laura Ingraham.

Cuntaros's verbal crap is especially pungent when it comes to racist opportunities. In a rant full of self-contradictions, she recently relegated all Africans to ignorant-savage status. After first saying Ebola sufferers will lie their way onto planes to seek advanced medical treatment in the U.S., she then said, "In these countries they do not believe in traditional medical care, so someone could get off a flight and seek treatment from a witch doctor." So let's see, they sneak onto a plane to get to a real hospital, then get off the plane and look for a witch doctor? What a scoop! America boasts a hidden world of top-notch witch doctors that make the ones in darkest Africa look like amateur bone-chuckers!

The whole point of her propaganda, of course, was to link the idea of Obama not stopping Ebola personally to the idea of "witch doctors." This is anti-Obama 101. Slam his policy, but in the previous or next sentence, toss in some cliché about African savages or Islamic radicals.

In a screed about ISIS in the wake of the beheading videos, she used the same technique, saying brutal violence is the typical history of Islam. "You solve it with a bullet to the head," she said. "It's the only thing these people understand. And all we've heard from this President is a case to heap praise on this religion, as if to appease them." Her underlying message, whatever the crisis: Obama is one of them. He secretly wants us all to get Ebola and have our heads chopped off, because that's what his African Muslim Demon God demands. And when Ray Rice sent his then-fiancée napping on a knuckle sandwich, she jumped the gun and crowed, "Where is the President on this one?"—before the White House even had a chance to release a statement during their daily press briefing. Cuntaros will waste no opportunity to plant her favorite racist, psychological link in the feeble minds of her viewers.

So much for the young, compassionate face of Fox News. The new generation of right-wing teeth-gnashers turns out to be just as nasty and pseudo-stupid as the crusty likes of Bill O'Reilly and the aforementioned Coulter. But the true Asshole is never afraid of landing in its own shit. In one amazing moment of oblivious irony, Cuntaros slammed model Chrissy Teigen for her Twitter response to the Canadian parliament shooting: "Active shooting in Canada, or as we call it in America, Wednesday." Andrea's response: Teigen "is known for obviously her lovely bottom... She should stick to that. This is the problem when models start to talk; it plays into that dumb model stereotype."

Ain't it the truth. And it's a lot fucking worse when Assholes start to talk.

PUSHING ALL IN

TIPS FROM HUSTLER'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY POKER TOURNAMENT WINNER MARC BAGGETT

INTERVIEW BY
KIMBERLY CHENG

40
HUSTLER
1st PLACE

HUSTLER: Congratulations! What was your winning hand?
MARC: It was 9-7 offsuit. It was the first hand heads-up, and the flop was 9-6-5, so I had top pair and a gutshot. We ended up getting it all in, and I hit the 8 on the turn to make a straight.

What was your strategy?
It was funny 'cause I wanted to play, and my wife—I had been out of town for a couple days, and she's like, "Well, I'd really rather you stay here." And then she got tired and was like, "All right, go." So I showed up late and didn't have to rebuy, which was nice. You know, it was just play each hand. We never even got to a chop, and when we got to the final table, nobody even mentioned the chop, which was good 'cause I was the chip leader and really didn't want to. When we got down to three, somebody suggested that we all wanted the trophy more than the cash, 'cause the cash was still good for third place, so we played it out. In terms of strategy, I was trying to play the player more than playing my cards.

Do you always do that?
Yeah, pretty much. I very rarely get a premium hand, so I have to do that. It really depends on the table. I change it up. I try to see how the other players are playing, and I can try and mix up my game. I can be aggressive or conservative; it just depends on how the table is going.

What did you do to celebrate?
We went to Vegas. I went to the HUSTLER in Vegas and bought my wife nice things.

Are you primarily a tournament player?
I do both cash and tournament. I actually won the Liz Flynt Spring Classic last year, the $100,000 guarantee. I won $20,000. That was the most I've ever won.

What's the most you've ever lost?
In a session? Just a couple grand maybe, not even that much.

What's going through your mind when you're at a game and you're trying to get a read on your opponents?
Well, I try to see who the tight players are and who the aggressive players are at the table, how many hands they're playing. You also want to take into consideration position. But the ones who seem a little weaker or more conservative, you definitely want to try and take advantage of those players.

Do you have a favorite hand or hole cards?
Well, I'd be lying if I said it wasn't pocket aces, but I very rarely get that.

Do you prefer a full table or heads-up?
Obviously in a tournament you want to get heads-up as that means you are in the top two. With a full table you have to be more patient and pick your spots. Short-handed you can widen your range and be more aggressive.

Are you superstitious at all?
Luck certainly plays a role in it. But you just try to get your money in good and hope that it holds. My card marker is a lucky dice. That's all. No other superstitions.

Tell me about a really bad beat you've gotten.
There's plenty of them. But here's a good one: I'm at the World Series of Poker and it's Day 2. On the turn I pick up two pair, and the guy goes all in before me, and I call. He's got pocket aces, and he gets a second pair on the river—not one of my pairs—and knocks me out of the main event. If I'd of won that hand, I would have easily made it to Day 3 and made the money in the World Series. That was my biggest bad beat.

How do you stop yourself from going on tilt?
It's not easy. If I get a bad beat, I sometimes get up from the table, walk around, mumble to myself and then get back in there. The hardest part is trying to not feel like you have to get all the chips back right away, because that's your initial reaction. That comes with playing for a long time and knowing bad beats are going to happen.

Are we going to be seeing you at the 2015 Liz Flynt Spring Poker Classic?
Absolutely! I love playing poker.

For more information on the 2015 Liz Flynt Spring Poker Classic and the hottest gaming action around, go to ***HUSTLERCasinoLA.com.***

"Poker is 100% skill and 50% luck." **—PHIL HELLMUTH, PROFESSIONAL POKER PLAYER, WINNER OF 13 WSOP BRACELETS**

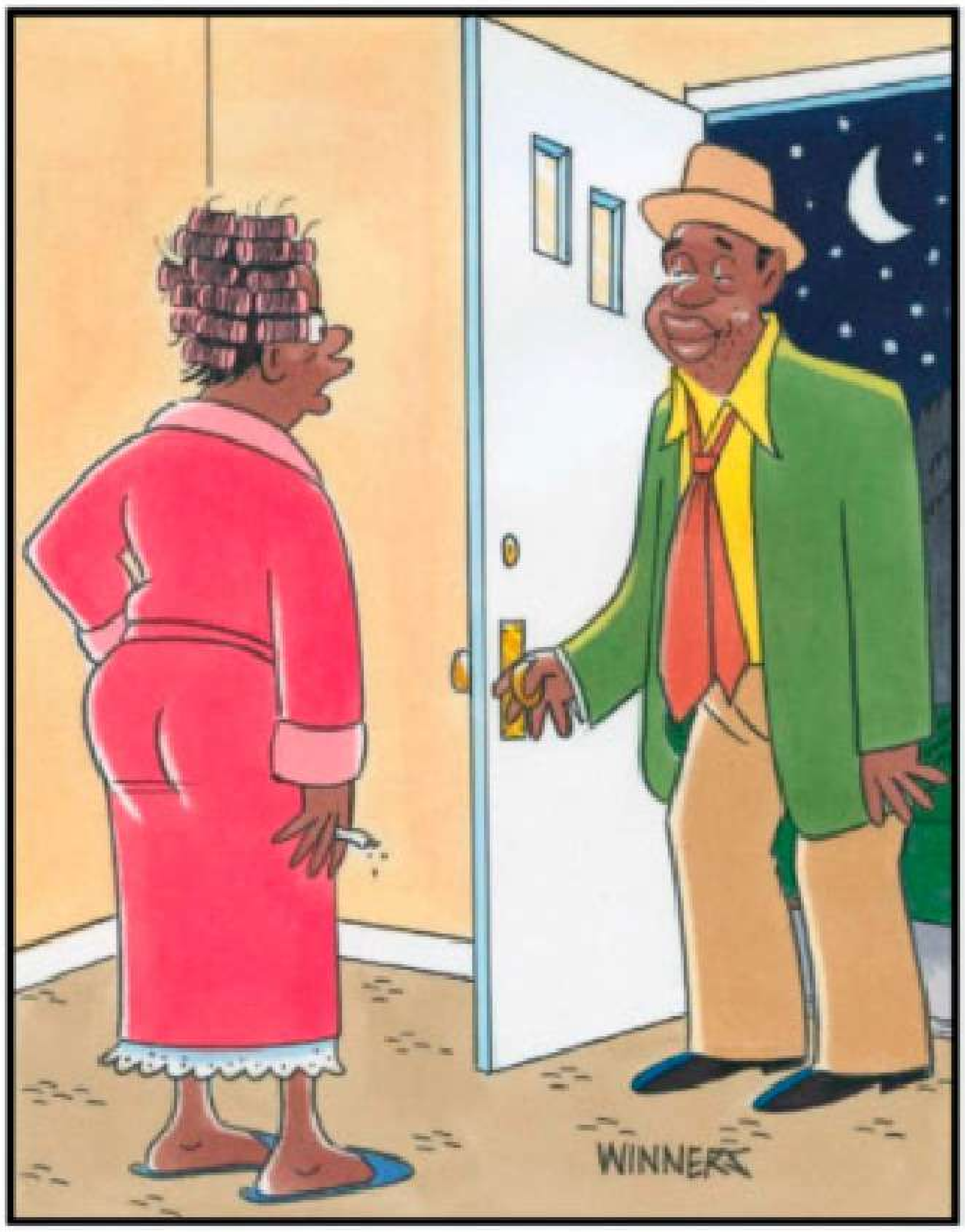
WHAT WOULD KATY PERRY LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Kitty Purry may a few years beyond teenage dream, but stick a phallus between those gorgeous, fleshy lips, and you'll forget all about the questionable costumes and hairstyles. It's no big deal "sucking real bad at Mariah Carey-oke," she croons; but one can imagine that down on her knees, she likes to suck real good, enough to turn any **Katy Perry** hater into the stiffest of fans. She's definitely a firework, in our pants.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Katy Perry actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PORN
FROM THE
PAST

What do you say when the boss invites you over for a threeway? Absolutely! A raise is a raise. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Every weekend you go out drinking and forget you have a wife at home! It wouldn't kill you to stop at the liquor store and get *me* a bottle!"

"I've done a lot of bad things. Use your imagination." —KATY PERRY, SINGER-SONGWRITER

RUBBER DOLL

ANGELA SOMMERS
NEWCOMER
OF THE YEAR

PUSSY & PASTIES

Paint-by-nipples, grinding with grinders, magic tricks, phallic fireworks! Girls with gimmicks ruled at this year's Exotic Dancer Expo & Awards Show. For two glorious days Sin City turned into Stripper Central, and the absolute only place to be was pressed up against the pussy bar, a ton of ones in your fist, a stupid-ass grin on your face. Congrats to our very own HUSTLER Club in San Francisco for scoring Club of the Year West!

"I was a hip kid. When I saw Bambi, it was the midnight show." —GEORGE CARLIN, COMEDIAN

BAMBU JESSICA
MISS EXOTIC DANCER.COM

DARLING DANIKA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J.R. REYNOLDS

PHOENIX PHIRES

SHAY LYNN
& JADED DAWN

"I used to do drugs, but don't tell anyone or it will ruin my image." —*COURTNEY LOVE, FORMER STRIPPER*

Classic Cunt

The December '14 issue of HUSTLER is probably one of the best I've seen lately. It fires on all cylinders and features beautiful women of many different types and styles. I liked Melina Mason's *Pleasure Principle* photospread the best, and even though she didn't take it up the ass, at least there's a picture of her getting fucked while the dude shoves his thumb up her bunghole. Covergirl Staci Carr [*Easy to Please*] is hot as hell. The close-up shots of Marica Hase [*Me Time*] and Staci were excellent. I like seeing all the holes in detail! Again, glad to see continued racial diversity in this issue. The anal picture on page 133 [Elana & Antonio, *Wildcat Ass Adventure*] is probably the best image in the whole issue.

The video section no longer features a write-up about the films, and even though there's more room for more good and hardcore pictures (great pictures in this issue's *Hardcore Showcase* by the way), at least list what sexual acts are in them and done by who. If a video doesn't contain anal or DP, then that should be listed.

The selection of classic HUSTLER religious art by Alex Ebel was excellent! *Heather Holliday Swallows It All* was pretty cool. I'd like to see more of this type of alternate lifestyle/entertainment material. I like seeing the classic HUSTLER material juxtaposed alongside the modern material because it reminds people why we love good porn.

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Marica Hase delights in our December '14 issue.

Pink Kink

Your December '14 issue was amazing and filled with some of the hottest girls I've ever seen! Covergirl Staci Carr is gorgeous. She has one of the most perfect pussies and the most beautiful smile. But most groundbreaking is your very rare Asian-girl layout of Marica Hase. I want to fuck the innocence right out of her! I have a feeling, like most Asian girls, she's kinky as fuck, so I just wanna stare at that Japanese dollface and imagine all the things we'd do to each other. Please, more Asian girls! The Elana & Antonio classic set is one of the best throwbacks I've seen recently! Elana's body is perfection. Finally, I thoroughly enjoyed the *Hollywood Money Shot* article and *Heather Holliday Swallows It All*. She is one hot fire-breathing, sword-swallowing, big-titted and tatted sexpot. Great to find out that if all women practiced like her, they could swallow anything too. Thanks for giving me a great citation to use next time a girl starts complaining she can't deep-throat.

—Harrison P.
San Francisco, California

Million-Buck Muff

I subscribed to HUSTLER back in the 1970s and early 1980s. Because I had to raise a family, I took a hiatus of about 30 years. I don't always agree with your editorials, but I enjoy the rest of the magazine. I recently renewed my subscription and I am just curious: Has any celebrity ever taken you up on your million-dollar offer for a pictorial?

—Darrell L. Davidson
Foresthill, California

Sadly, no, Darrell. But we still think Miley might come around. (You can catch our offer to Ms. Cyrus in the Anniversary '14 issue.)

Double Hot

The November '14 issue with hottie Ava Taylor [*Wise Choice*] on the cover states that it's the second time she has been featured in your great magazine. I had to look back at the August '14 issue and immediately noticed the tats. They look very real. So are they covered up in the later issue? I think she looks hotter with the tats, or maybe it's those high-tops? Keep up the good work.

—Rick H.
East Grand Forks, Minnesota

Beaver Fever

In the December '14 issue you gave us some hot and sexy ladies, like in every issue. Lacy Johnson [*Can't Help It*] can wrap her long, smooth legs around me anytime. Marica Hase looks a lot younger than 32. I'd love to carry her around the house and fuck her in every room. Staci Carr has the sweetest-looking pussy I've ever seen. In my favorite part of HUSTLER (*Beaver Hunt*) there was the beautiful, young Lexy. I'd be lost without HUSTLER and *Beaver Hunt*.

—Shawn K. Connelly
Kansas, Missouri

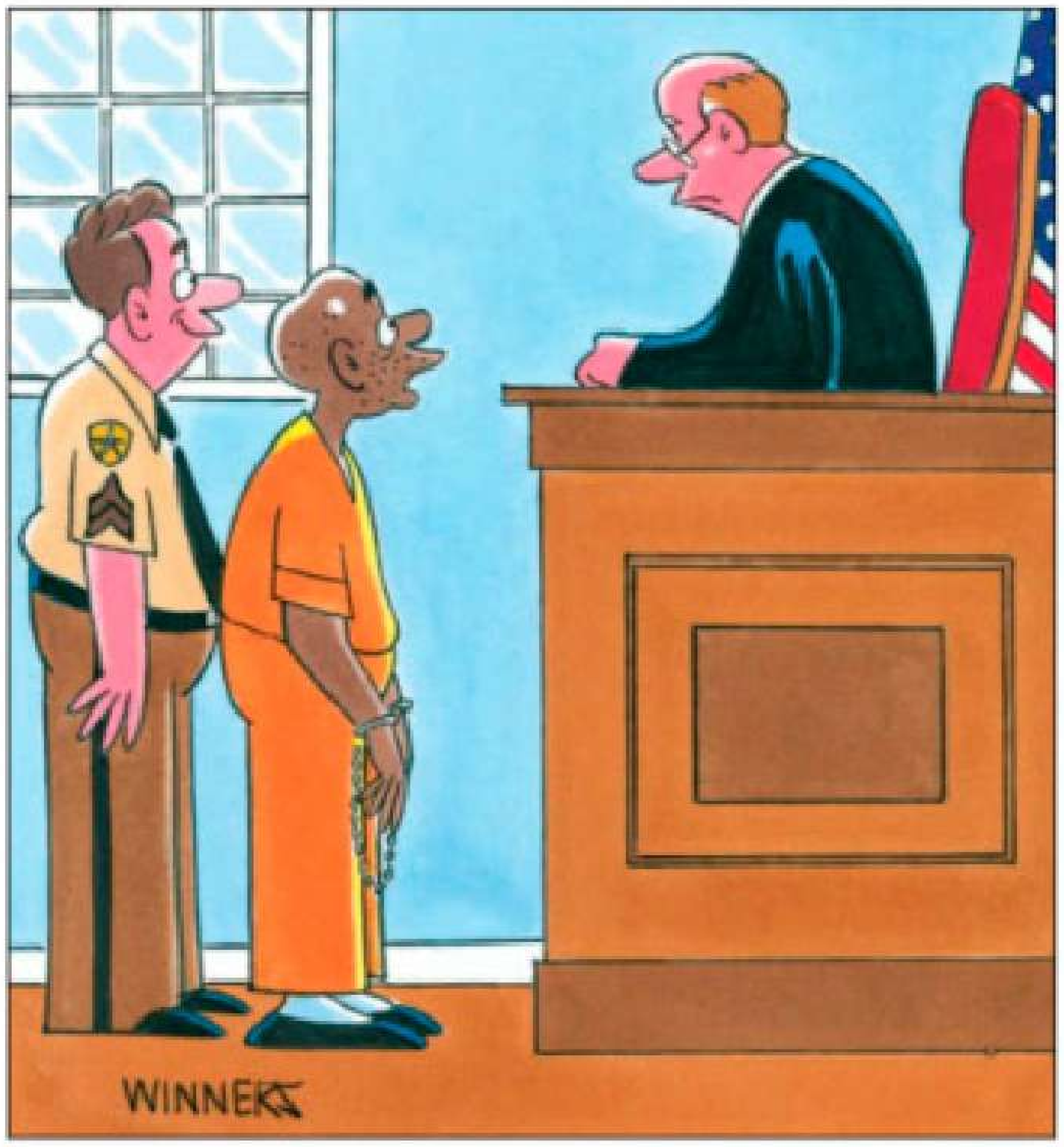
WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

The spiritual esoteric truth: Chocolate niggers who were tortured and murdered by the White Supremacists came back with big, long dicks and fuck the white women. If they have their women, they don't want white men.

—Randy Tessier
Waterford, Michigan

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*, and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"But if you lock me up and throw away the key, how am I supposed to get out?"

Winning is sexy!

LARRY FLYNT'S
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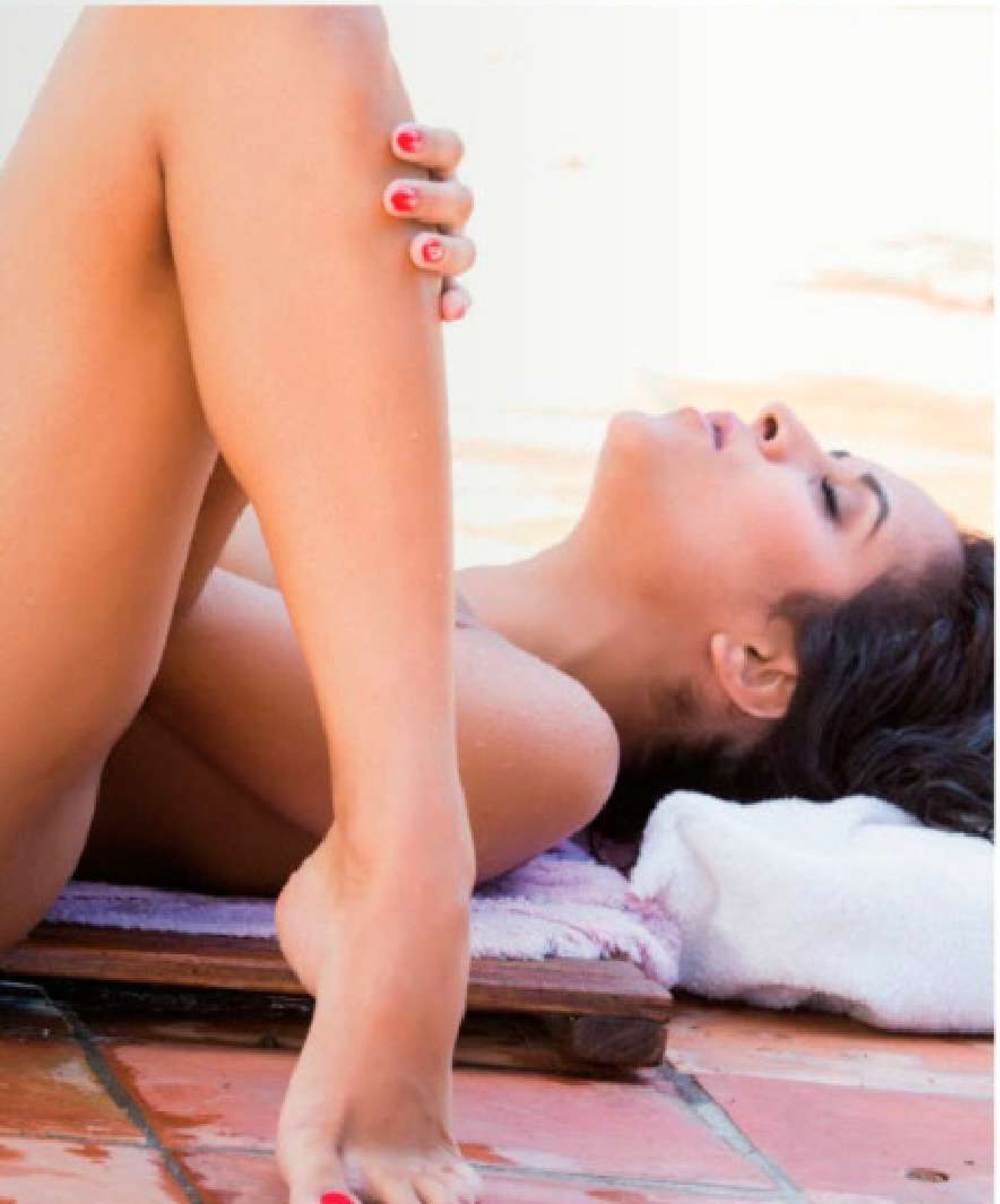
ABBY LEE
BRAZIL

MARAVILHOSA!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Walk behind me, grab me by the hips, pull my hair and tell me how bad and hard you want to fuck me. Especially if you're blond. I'm so into blonds!!! Tall, skinny, blue or green eyes—you're my kryptonite. ;)"

"Honestly, I want people to love me for who I am and what I love to do. This is what I love to do. And, guys, just because I'm Brazilian and got hips for dayzzz doesn't mean I'm always into anal. You have to be special to go there."



ABBY LEE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Belo Horizonte, Brazil** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-8**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-27-38** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy!!!**
TWITTER: **@AbbyLeeBrazil** | INSTAGRAM: **@AbbyLeeBrazil**

CHANEL PRESTON'S

BEETHOVEN
SONATA

STROKE OF GENIUS

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

She's a piano prodigy, an accomplished artist and gives one helluva blowjob. How did an Alaskan beauty with the world at her feet decide hardcore was where she belonged?

Strange but true: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and XXX superstar Chanel Preston have a lot in common.

I'm not talking about a shared affinity for double anal penetration. History doesn't reveal if the legendary composer was a sexual virtuoso like the luscious Ms. Preston, but it does present us with some other surprising similarities. Both Mozart and Chanel were musical prodigies at an early age, dedicating themselves to the piano at three and four, respectively. Both also had mild ADD (attention deficit disorder) symptoms and were impulsive, easily distracted, hyperactive overachievers. By the time he was 16, Herr Mozart had composed hundreds of difficult pieces of music and toured the great concert halls of Europe. Sweet 16-year-old Chanel had mastered the trumpet in addition to the piano; taken up painting and sculpture; and also found time to join the high school band, the wrestling team, the track team and the theater club. Oh. Almost forgot. She'd also learned how to give a helluva blowjob. >>

> HE GOT ME INTO THE IDEA OF EXPLORING MY FANTASIES.
> IT WAS FUN, AND IT OPENED ME UP SEXUALLY.
> THREEWAYS TEND TO DO THAT.

XXX PHOTOS COURTESY BUSTYBEAUTIES.COM

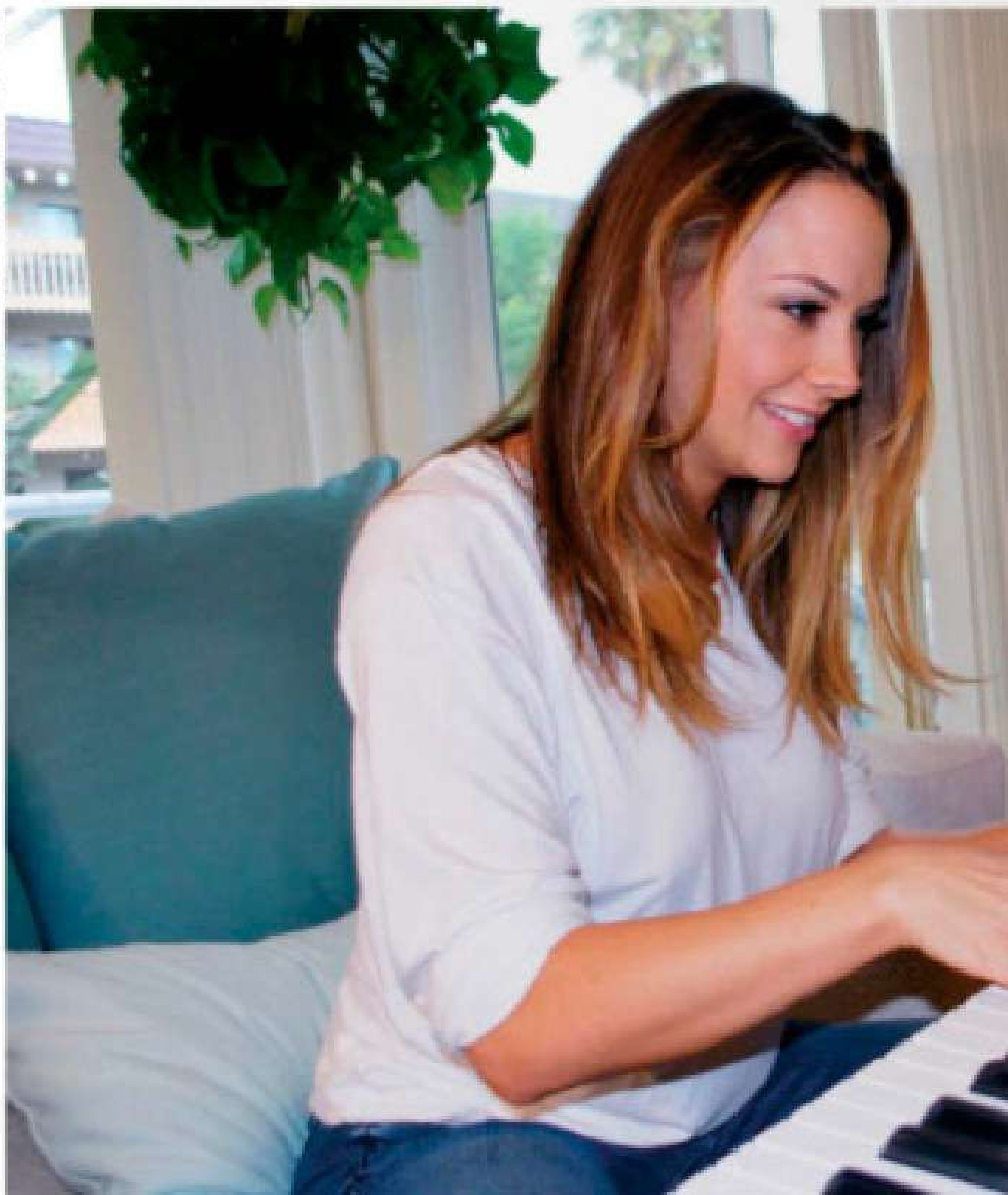
In the case of Mozart, outside of the fact that he died too young, the dude did pretty well for himself. He's not remembered for being a quirky, hyperactive douchebag (which he was, by the way); he's revered as one of the greatest composers of all time. Chanel Preston…well, we're still in the middle of that tale. My assignment was to spend the day with this preposterously sexy ball of endless energy and see if she too was on the road to legend status.

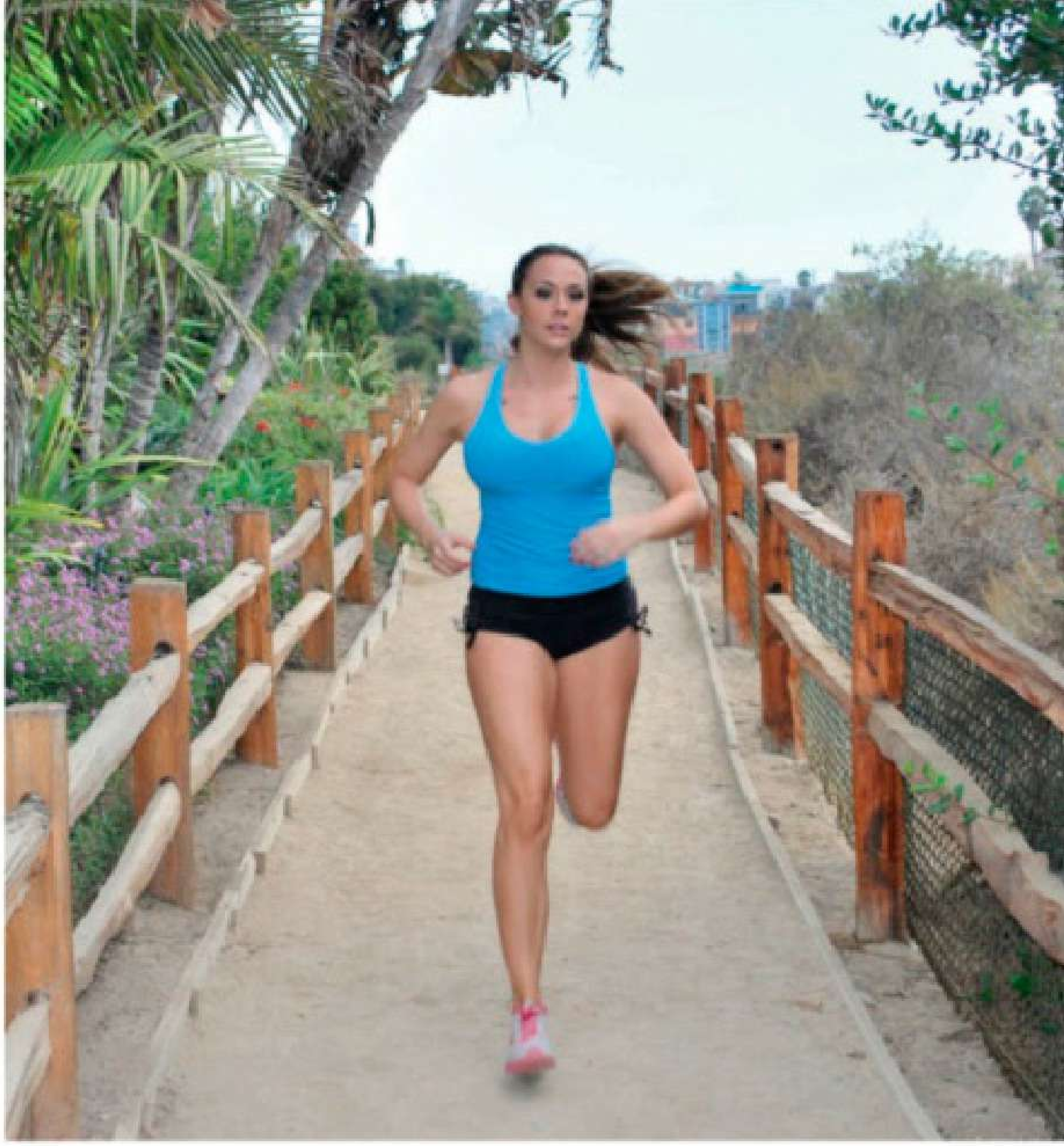
When I hook up with Chanel, the first thing I discover is that she hits the ground running. Virtually every morning she starts her day with a three-to-four-mile jog along the canals near her Venice, California, home. "I like to test my body's limits," she tells me with a breathy laugh. "Porn keeps me in the best shape of my life."

But before she was a fit, international sex symbol, Chanel Preston was a lot of different things, and none of them were working for her. "I'm from Alaska," she explains. "The land of Bristol Palin. An unbelievably dull place to grow up. There's literally nothing to do half the year. A lot of my high school girlfriends ended up pregnant. My two older sisters were pregnant at 16 and 17. That wasn't going to happen to me."

When Chanel graduated high school, she immediately left the frozen tundra of Fairbanks, Alaska, for the warm beaches of Hawaii, determined to make a big success out of her life in a moose-free zone. The only problem was, she didn't have a clue how she was going to do it.

CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN





"I was a pretty good musician, a decent artist, and I liked to write," she tells me. "But I never considered any of those things as a career. I was a kid; I liked to party. So I drifted into the restaurant business. Then I got bored, got a skin-care license and gave facials at a department store. I hated it, so one day I told my supervisor to fuck off, and I quit."

Multitalented, restless and impulsive—just like Mr. Mozart. But unlike the maestro, Chanel had a killer body and a penchant for exploring the darker side of life.

"I had a boyfriend at the time who was seriously into swinging," she recalls. "He got me into the idea of exploring my fantasies. It was fun, and it opened me up sexually. Threeways tend to do that," she adds with a naughty chuckle.

Chanel became fascinated with the idea of working at a strip club. "The whole seedy, mysterious business really intrigued me," she admits. "I figured that I'd probably like doing it. The surprise was that I loved it. Stripping is where I learned to be a woman." By that, she doesn't mean she had figured out what her menstrual period was for. Chanel is talking about, in her words, "power." >>

"I learned that I could manipulate men with my sexuality," she explains. "Not just financially, but emotionally. It made me want more. That's why I got into porn."

When she says "more," Chanel, true to her overly ambitious DNA, is referring to a lot of different things. "The money, the fame and the career possibilities certainly were part of my decision to get into XXX work," she confesses. "But a big part of the draw for me was that porn will always be a little taboo, which makes it exciting. And I live for excitement."

After her run, and some time at the keyboards with a Rachmaninoff concerto (Chanel still practices every day), I accompany her to the set of her new XXX film, where I witness firsthand how this young lovely gets her ya-yas out. "I like to do crazy things on film," she says as she slips into her character's nurse's uniform. (In today's scene Chanel plays a horny nurse who helps a well-endowed, horny doctor.... Never mind, you get the idea.) The point is, Chanel likes to push herself physically. Hard. Bondage, dominance, sadomasochism, electrocution (yep, you read that right: *electrocution*) are all areas Chanel explores on film, as well as her personal favorite porn challenge, double anal penetration.

"I know some people think it's funny to say that you're proud of yourself because you're able to do double anal," Chanel says with a grin. "But I'm all about seeing how good I can get at everything I do. And how far I can go."

On this particular day Chanel doesn't go too far, however. She bangs a few guys, eats some snatch, but doesn't get multiply violated, tied or electrically fried. "There's always tomorrow," she tells me with a smile. "Now it's time to relax. C'mon."

I have a moment of panic as a flash on what exactly the term *relaxation* might mean to someone like Chanel. Bungee jumping? Setting some weird new anal gangbang record? Combining the two? But my fears are unfounded. Chanel, the musician at heart, simply wants to hear some music. >>

> I KNOW SOME PEOPLE THINK IT'S FUNNY TO SAY THAT YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELF BECAUSE YOU'RE ABLE TO DO DOUBLE ANAL. BUT I'M ALL ABOUT SEEING HOW GOOD I CAN GET AT EVERYTHING I DO. AND HOW FAR I CAN GO.

"There's this great new indie band that I just love," she tells me. "They're practicing tonight. Sometimes I just like to hang with them, kick back and listen."

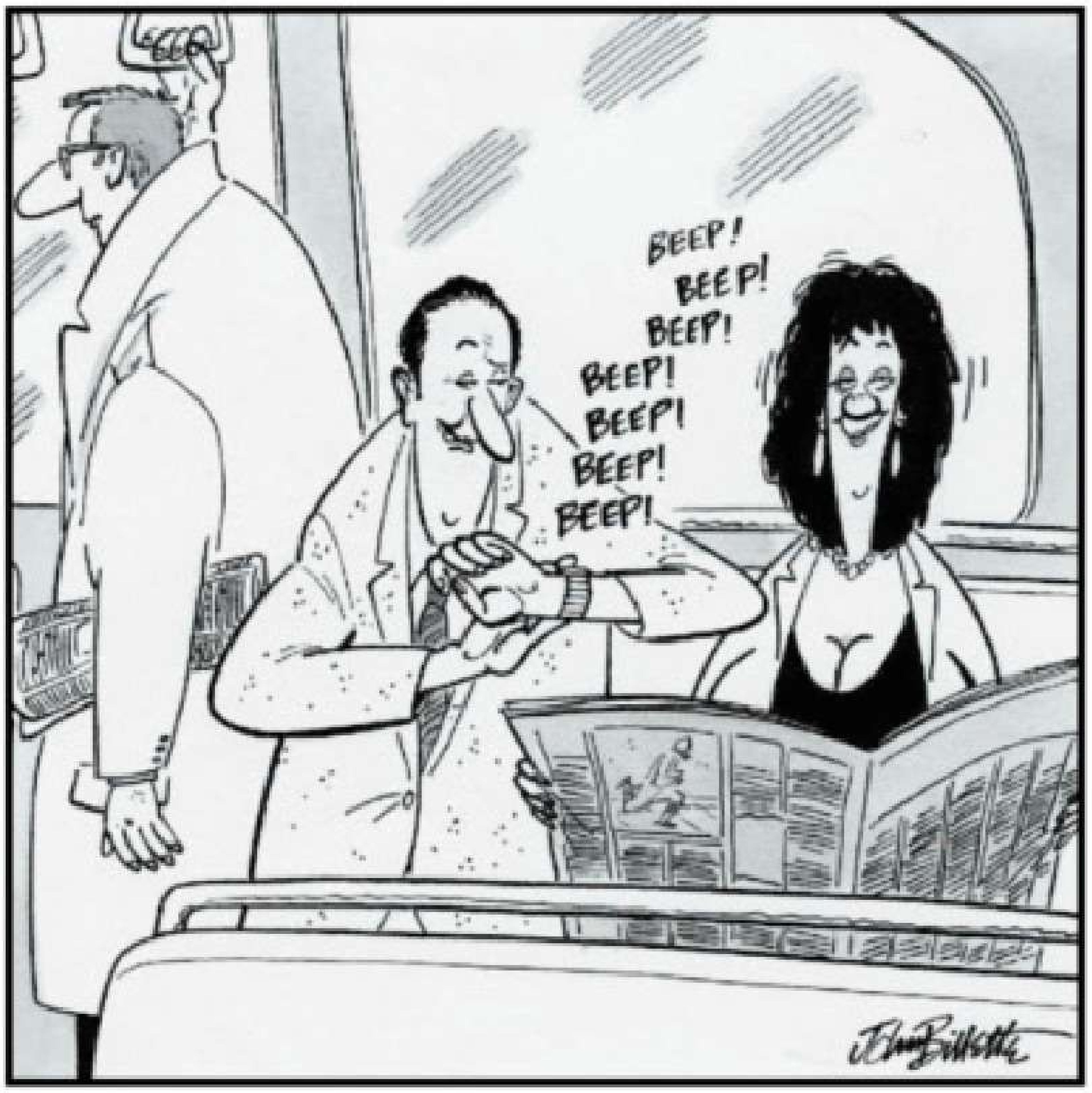
An hour later this whirling dervish of energy and I are in a rehearsal studio in Hollywood with a band called Vanaprasta, a kickass rock band with major soul. Chanel, for the first time all day, is sitting peacefully still. "Aren't they great?" she suddenly asks me, her face all innocent enthusiasm.

"I like them a lot," I say sincerely. And then I blurt out the question that's been on my mind since I realized how unbelievably awesome Chanel Preston is in every department. "Are you happy with the way your life turned out?"

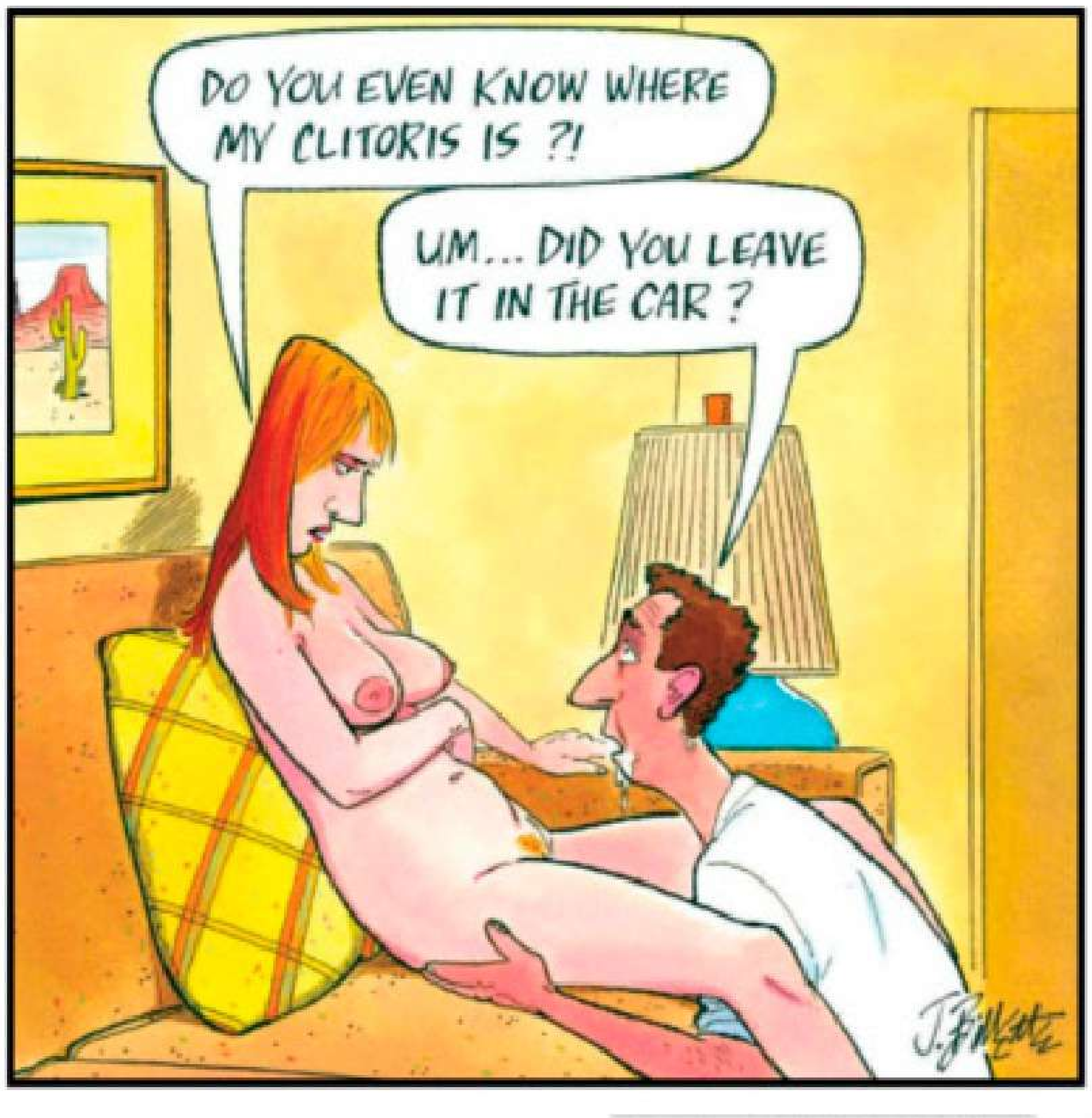
"So far so good," she says instantly. "But there's so much more I want to do. I have this idea. Maybe go back to school. Use what I know about sex and music to develop a new therapy to help women get more comfortable with their sexuality." Then she laughs. "That might sound crazy to some people. But if they don't like my ideas, fuck 'em."

I'm absolutely positive that if Mozart were with us, he'd nod his head in agreement.

For more gorgeous Chanel, check out her websites (NakedWithChanel.com, ChanelPreston.com) and her stunning ten-page layout in the February '15 HUSTLER.


BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!

"Sorry, that's my annoying watch alarm! Yup, it's been eight hours since I've licked a pussy!"


DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE MY CLITORIS IS ?!
UM... DID YOU LEAVE IT IN THE CAR ?

AUBREY ADDAMS

THE NATURAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I was raised that you only had sex when you were married, so I was ready to get married just so I could have sex. I didn't care about the wedding, the cake, the pretty dress—I just wanted the sex. Turns out porn was a better option.

"This is a business, and you have to work hard at it to succeed. So that's what I try to do in every scene. But I also have fun, and I'm enjoying myself. Fact is, I've fulfilled almost all of my fantasies, but here's one: I've always wanted to fuck in a morgue or a cemetery."

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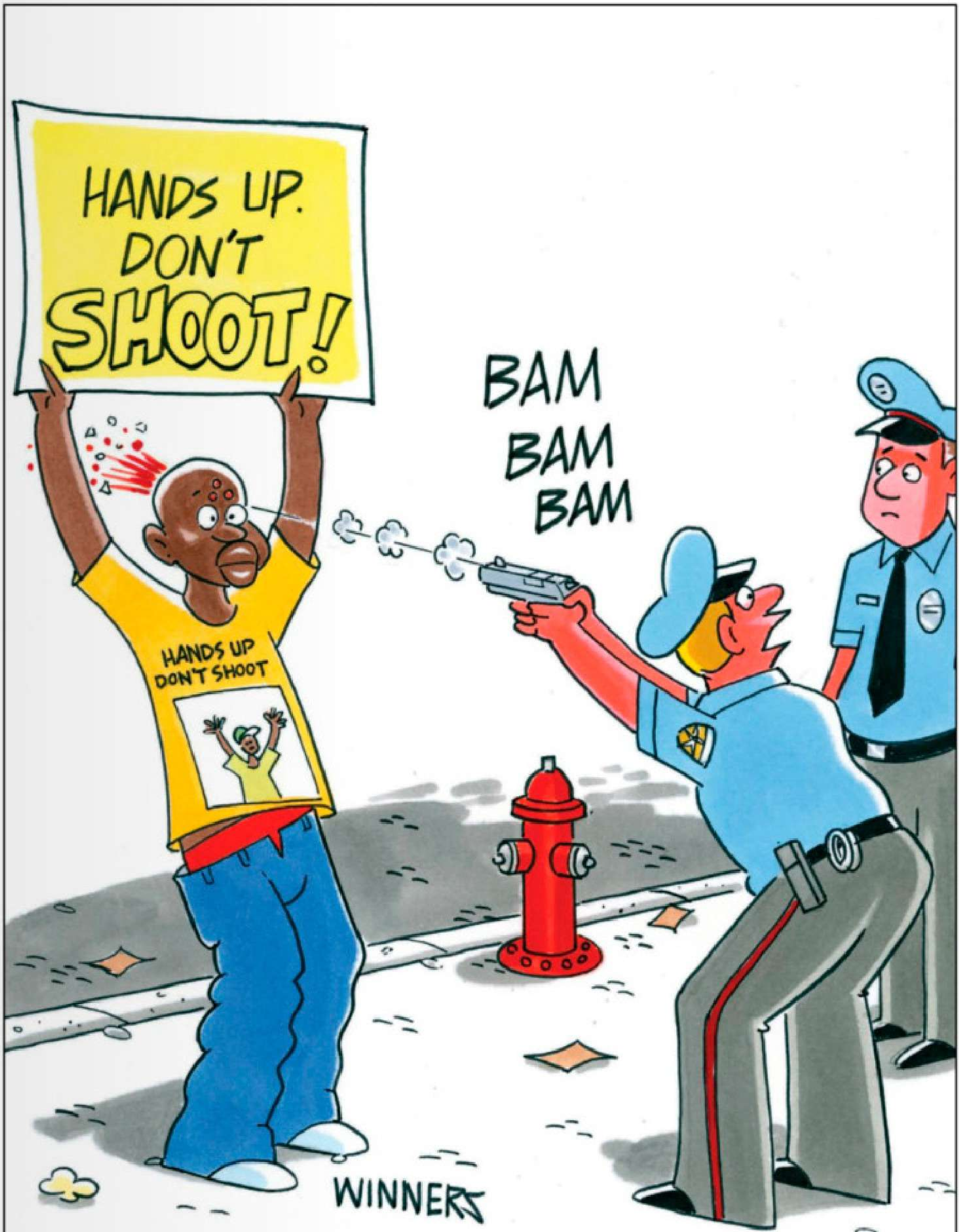

HANDS UP. DON'T SHOOT!
HANDS UP DON'T SHOOT
BAM
BAM
BAM
WINNERS

"You saw it! He was going for my weapon!"

ELLENA WOODS

JOY RIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

I was heavily flirting with an older married coworker (bad, I know), and his wife found out. She ended up being really cool, and we all had a threesome together one night. It was pretty intense. Never expected it to go that well! Now I want to get fucked in a high-rise with huge windows, so everyone walking down below can see. I'd say sex in a Jeep was a fantasy, but I'm 19 already—I've done that!"

"If I could have one superpower, it would be moving objects with my mind. I think that would be really rad, or maybe I'm just really lazy."

ELLENA'S VITAL FACTS

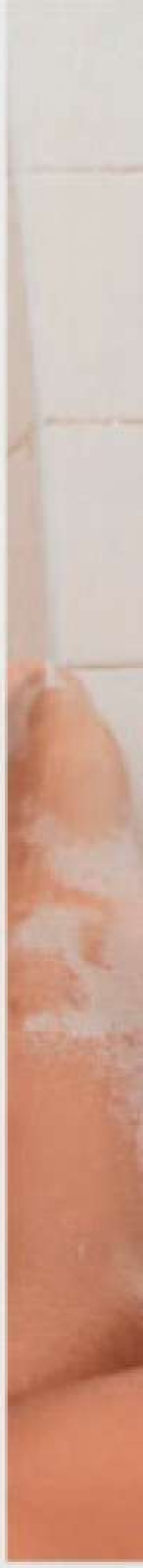
HOMETOWN: **Salt Lake City, Utah** | AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **32C-25-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **On top for sure!**
TWITTER: **@Ellena_Woods**

ALINA LONG

STEAMY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
VICTORIA LANDRY

I've come across some seriously crazy stuff in the fetish biz, but recently in a restaurant this guy came up to me and introduced himself. Turns out he's an assistant district attorney. He said he'd seen my work as a fetish model and some of my adult work. He said he was a fan. He wasn't inappropriate or anything, and he didn't request sex—I would've said yes because he was insanely hot—but he offered me $500 to let him lick my armpits for ten minutes. Go figure."



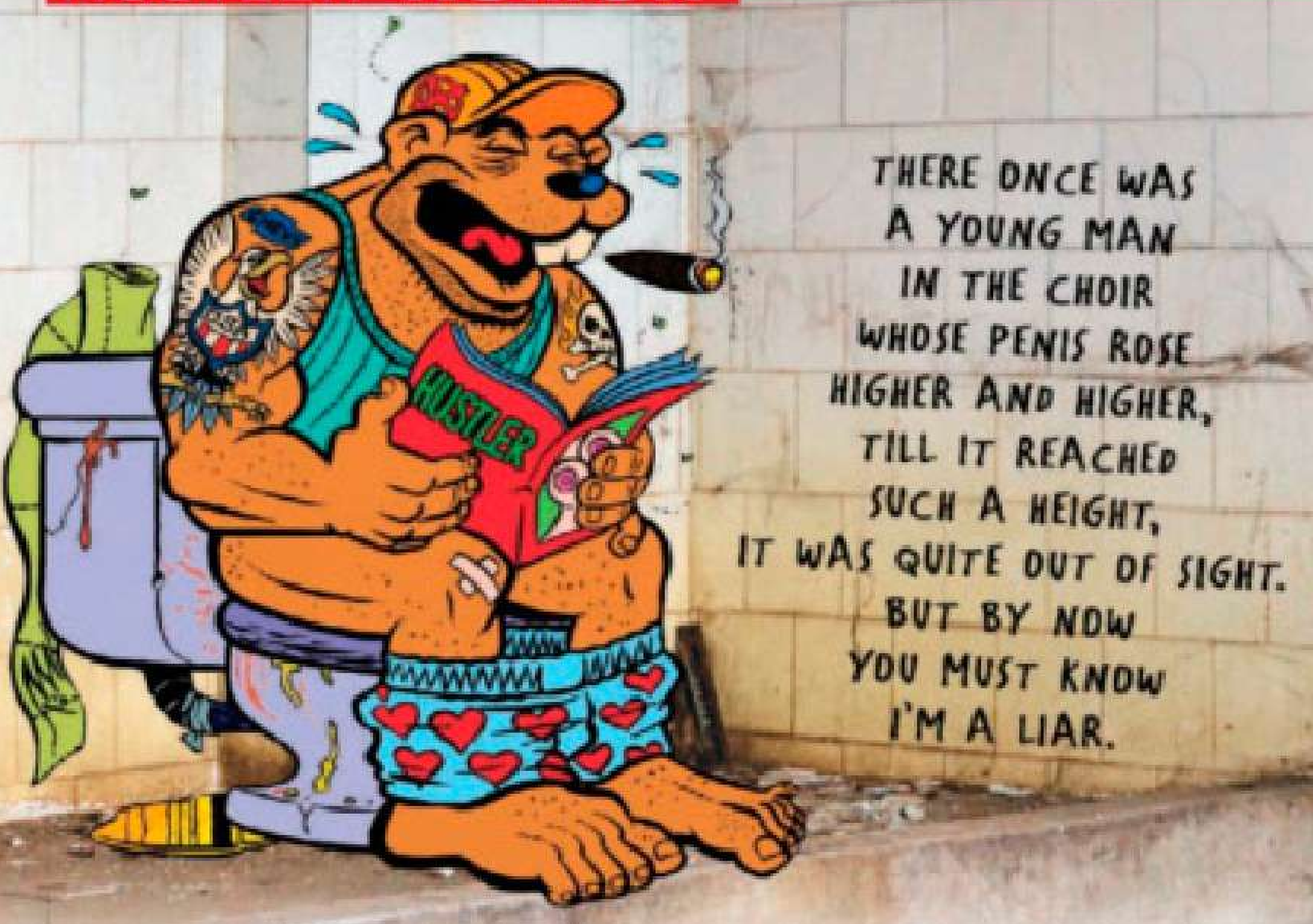
"I like a man who has a brain bigger than his penis. One who can do things with his hands too, not just with a computer."

ALINA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Mariupol, Ukraine** | AGE: **33** | HEIGHT: **5-9** | MEASUREMENTS: **35B-23-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Whichever one you want** | TWITTER: **@AlinaLongXXX**

EXPAND TO SE

et wet!
E MORE
CLICK
HERE



When Greg stumbled home at 3 a.m. Monday morning, his wife was furious. "How would you feel if you didn't see me for two days?" she hollered.

Greg couldn't believe his luck. "That would be great!"

Monday passed, and he didn't see her. Tuesday and Wednesday passed too. On Thursday morning the swelling went down a little, and now Greg could see her from the corner of one eye.

Question: What's the Greek army motto?

Answer: Never leave your buddy's behind.

A Mafia godfather discovered that his bookkeeper, Guido, had cheated him out of $10 million. The bookkeeper was deaf, which was part of the reason he'd been hired in the first place. It was assumed that since Guido could hear nothing, he wouldn't have to testify in court.

When the godfather went to confront Guido about the embezzled millions, he brought along a lawyer who knew sign language. "Ask him where the money is," the godfather instructed.

The lawyer, using sign language, did as he was told. The bookkeeper signed back, and the lawyer relayed, "He says he doesn't know what you are talking about."

The godfather pulled out a pistol, pressed it against Guido's temple and demanded, "Ask him again, and let him know if he doesn't tell me, I'll kill him!"

"He'll kill you if you don't tell him," the lawyer signed to Guido.

The deaf bookkeeper trembled and signed back, "Okay, you win! The money is in a brown briefcase buried behind the shed at my cousin Tony's house."

"What did he say?" the godfather asked.

The lawyer answered, "He says you're too stupid to pull the trigger."

The good doctor pulled the bedsheet over the face of one of his patients, then went out in the hall to speak with the family. "How is he, Doc?" the patient's wife asked anxiously.

"Well," the doctor replied, "he's finally stable."

Nancy was walking down the street when she noticed a sign in a pet shop window that read, "Pussylicking frog—see inside!"

Intrigued, Nancy stepped into the store to speak with the owner. "Hello," she called out.

"*Bonjour!*" replied the owner.

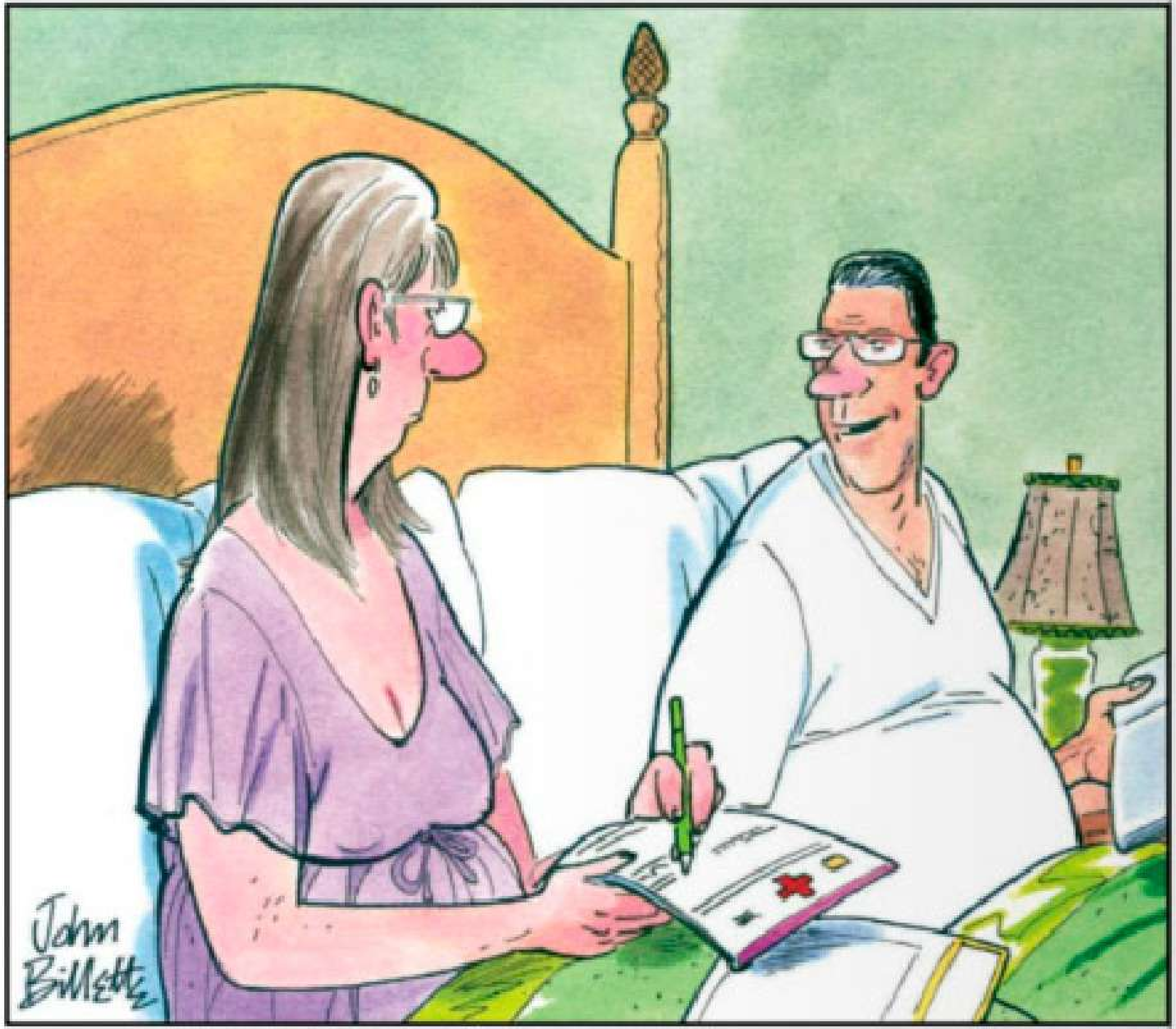
Question: How do you turn a fox into an elephant?

Answer: Marry her.

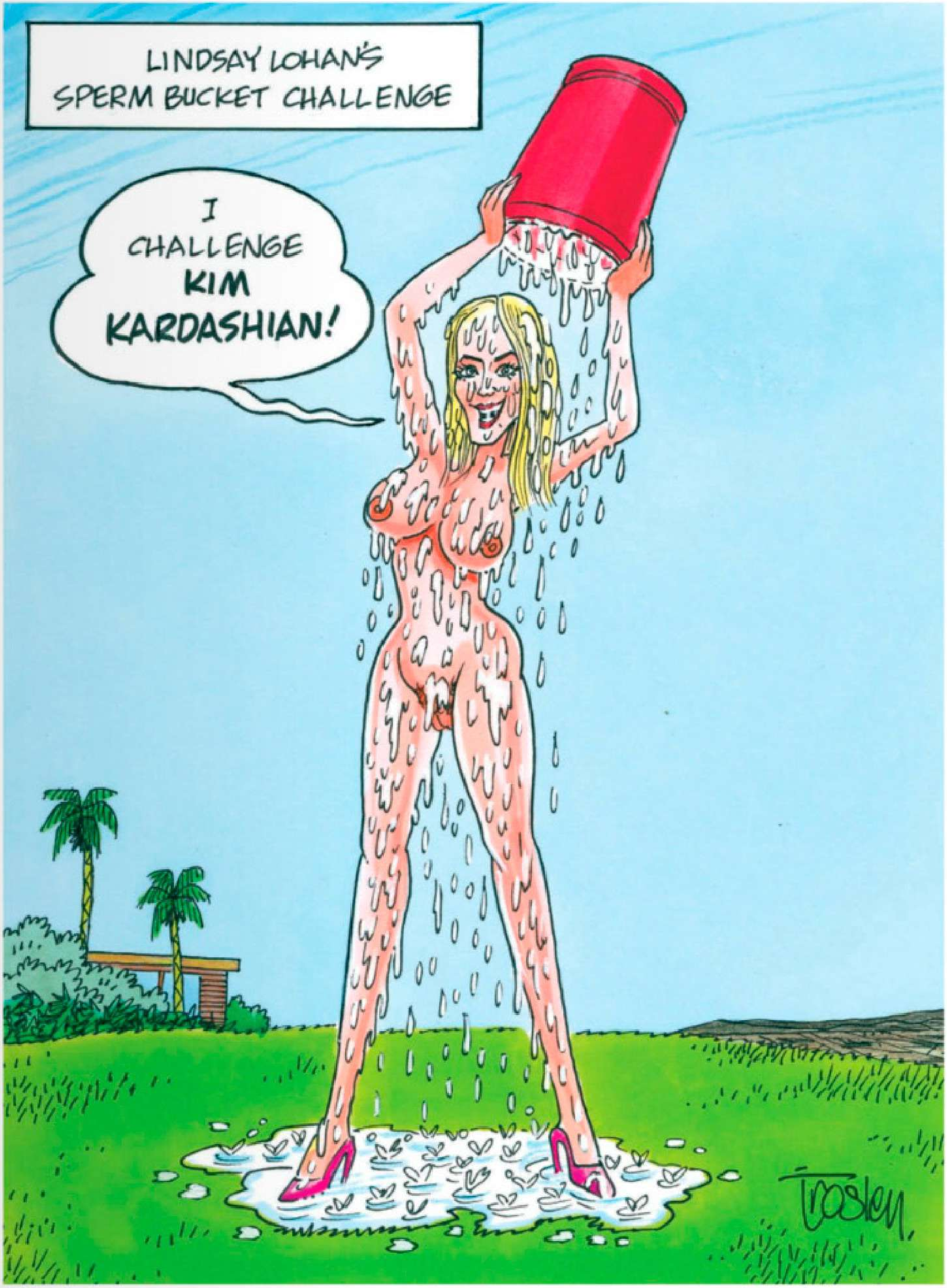
Young Tommy asked his father, "Daddy, what is *making love*?"

The father quickly answered, "I don't know, son. I think it's something your mother does when I fuck her."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"Dear, you are such a skilled doctor! Why not go to Africa and help out with that terribly deadly contagious Ebola outbreak?!"


LINDSAY LOHAN'S SPERM BUCKET CHALLENGE
I CHALLENGE KIM KARDASHIAN!
Trosley

REVENGE OF THE COMIC-CUNTS!

VOL. 2

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER

The geekfest of arrested development known as Comic-Con has ravaged San Diego yet again. This time we got under the skintight costumes and superheroine skirts to show you the blowout's wettest, wildest side.

SLURP!
APRIL O'NEIL
& ELA DARLING
ZAP!

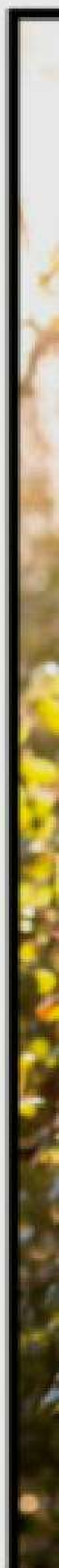
OOMPH!
In My Dreams

ALANA EVANS

SPROING!

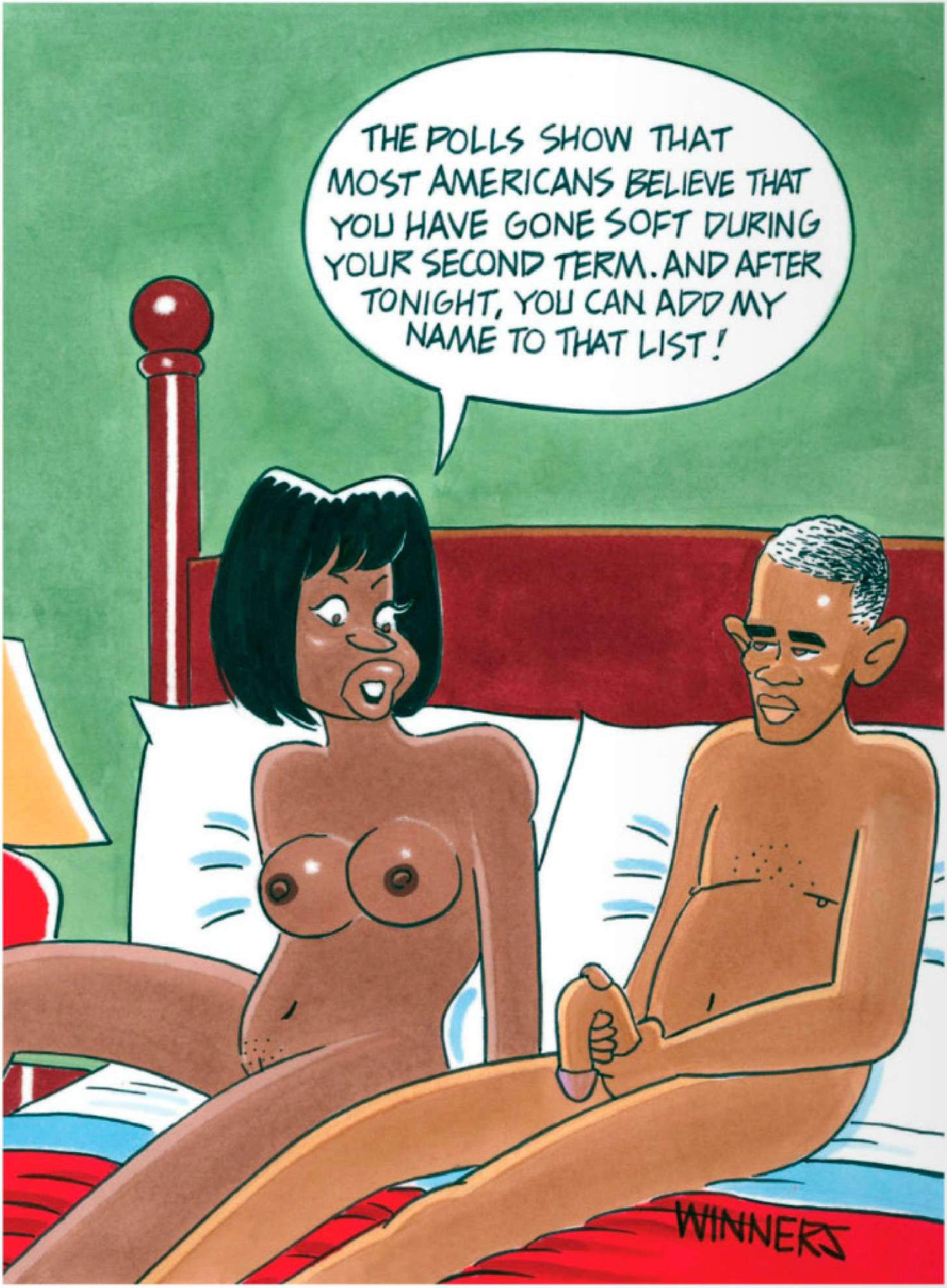
SPLOOSH!

KA-BOOM
BOOM!



KIKI D'AIRE
POOF!

THE END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ABAGELLE BANKS

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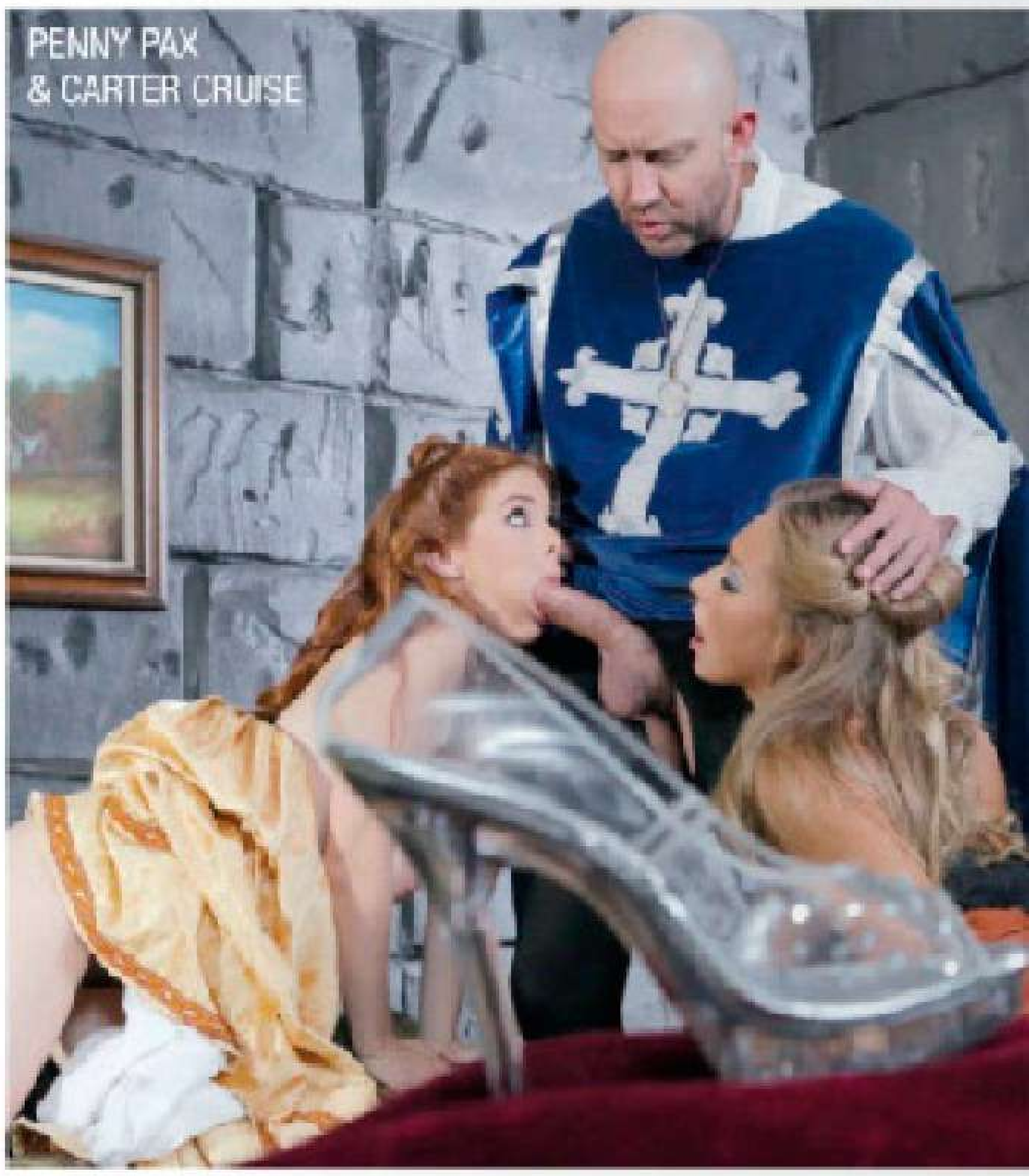

PENNY PAX
& CARTER CRUISE

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JULIA ANN

VERONICA AVLUV

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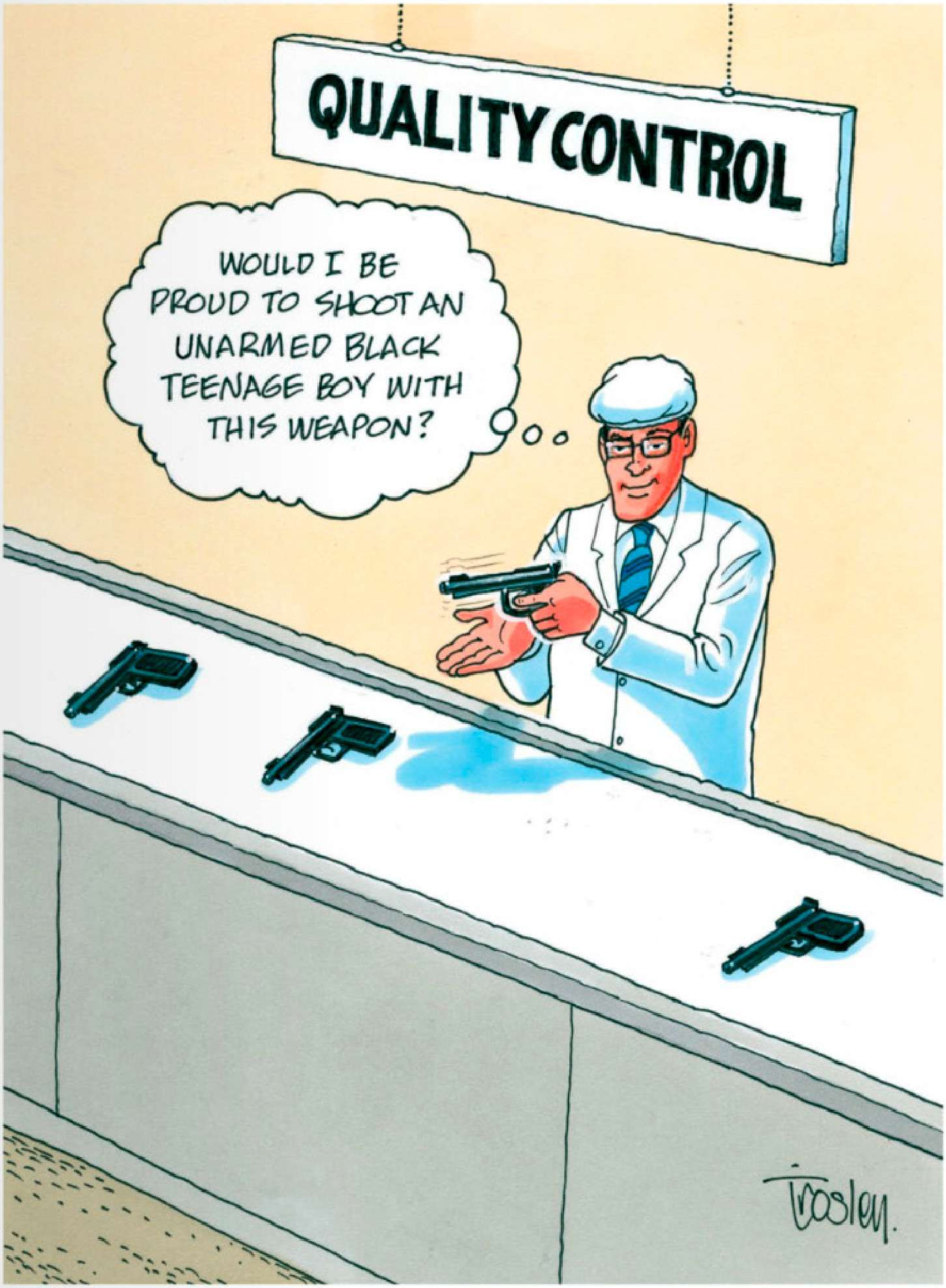
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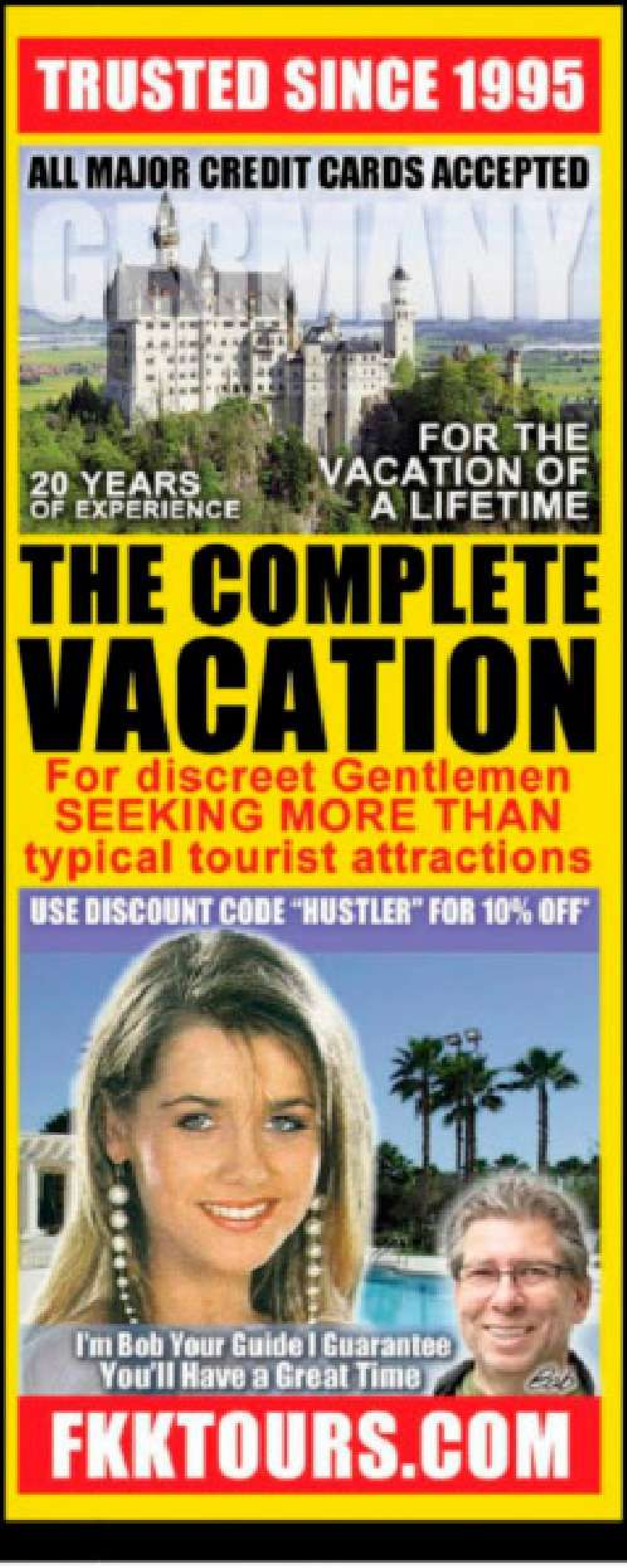
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KIM NICE

Getting her feet wet as a spanking-new skin-mag model is Kim Nice, 21, a "personable, funny, lovable and serendipitous" college student from Fairfax, Virginia. "I'm a natural entertainer," notes the 5-foot-2 accounting major with a shipshape 32B-24-34 figure. "I love to sing and dance whenever and wherever." Here the "consummate music lover" offers a risqué repertoire: scampering in the woods while wearing only a garland, skinny-dipping and being a naughty tease in her shutterbug's domicile. "I've always felt more comfortable being naked," Kim confides. "Clothing is repressive of natural beauty." We're grateful that repressing her candor isn't in the cards. "The summer after high school was wild," Kim recalls. "I met this guy at a hookah lounge. We went over to his rich parents' house and fucked on the trampoline in the backyard. The bounce was incredible! That began my dive into sport-fucking. I'm bisexual and on the prowl, but I get a little nervous around the cuties." Not always, however. "My favorite sexual activity," Kim marvels, "is fucking doggy-style with a pussy in my face." *—Photos by Christian Koa*

"I've fulfilled most of my sexual fantasies, so none come to mind. But it would be wonderful if you'd consider me for a nude layout in your magazine."

CHLOE COLLENS

"I've been naked just about everywhere," states this "smart, open-minded and sultry" 36-year-old from New York City. "Not only is it sexy, but it's also liberating and empowering. I've pumped gas and driven around nude in a convertible, and I've even been to the Naked City in France [Cap d'Agde], where I got to shop and dine in my birthday suit." Now Chloe Collens—a travel, networking, cooking, hiking and masturbation buff—is tickled pink to be a full-access Beaver. "I'm a huge fan of the HUSTLER enterprise and especially Larry Flynt," reveals the 5-foot-4 legal courtesan at Nevada's Moonlite BunnyRanch. "He's led the way in breaking taboos and fighting the morality police, and I'm just like him. I'm interested in everything from porn to politics." Chloe digs *Real Time With Bill Maher* and historical fiction, but she prioritizes intimate socializing: "I love to explore my sexuality and help others do the same. My favorite activity is getting fucked hard doggy-style and having my hair pulled. Rough sex is a huge turn-on. So is public sex. My hottest escapade was on a sailboat on a busy waterway in Florida, and the whole time I was wondering if people on other boats had their binoculars out and were spying on us." —*Photos by Thomas Lau*

"I'm extremely multiorgasmic, and I can come from internal penetration and even when my nipples are played with. I usually come several times in one play session—my record is 12 orgasms in one hour."

ChloeCollens.com • Twitter: @ChloeCollens • email: ChloeCollens@BunnyRanch.com

AIVALIA DO'URDEN

"Nudity is something I strongly support," announces Aivalia Do'Urden, 24, a "stubborn, confident and logical" graphic designer from Hellam, Pennsylvania. "I went streaking in the neighborhood once or twice during my teen years, and I've been to a few parties where pretty much everyone was naked. I also sleep naked every night. One place I'd like to be nude is any sort of political event just to see what would happen." The 5-foot-3 bi gal is one busy Beaver. Her passions range from painting and drawing to video games, cheesy horror movies, 1990s cartoons, music (topped by Maynard James Keenan and his "brilliant" bands Puscifer, Tool and A Perfect Circle"), reading, fine wines, dabbling in burlesque and sex. "I'm a seductive sadist and masochist," Aivalia avows, "so rough play is a must. I'm very flexible—except when I'm wearing a steel-boned corset—and I have an insatiable oral fixation, particularly with piercings." Aivalia sure has piercing eyes, but she's found a helluva way to divert attention elsewhere.

—Photos by Black Metal Larry

"My kinkiest fantasy is to do a nude role-play as one of Lucifer's queens of hell—wearing jet-black contact lenses, horns, fangs, claws, the works!"

JADE

"I've always been a sensual, sexual and outgoing woman," proclaims Jade, 47, a bachelor-party entertainer from Royal Oak, Michigan. "Being in front of a camera always makes me hot to be nude, but showing off my juicy pussy in HUSTLER Magazine would be the ultimate affirmation of my modeling ability. I'm constantly working out to look and feel better." The 5-foot-7 fitness aficionada is definitely frisky. "I'm fun to be around, the life of the party," Jade adds, especially when's she's in the mood for an amorous workout. "I like to watch a good movie that leads into a good fucking. I can watch the *Rocky* movies over and over." She's also fond of Tesla, AC/DC, The Three Tenors and virtuoso lovers. "I like all types of sexual experiences," Jade discloses. "I strive to give everyone a wild and good feeling, but I demand that they know what to do to make my horny pussy squirt. I'm very strong-willed. I always get what I want, which is why I like oral so much and what it leads to." That revelation takes us to her biggest claim to fame: "I've had sex in a church confessional," the diehard exhibitionist fesses up, but she seems eager to be an entire congregation's jezebel. "My fantasy is to be in a gangbang," Jade exults. —*Photos by Friend*

"My favorite position is all of them and then some. But first I like to run my tongue up and down a nice hard cock and then slide it deep down my throat. Yummy!"

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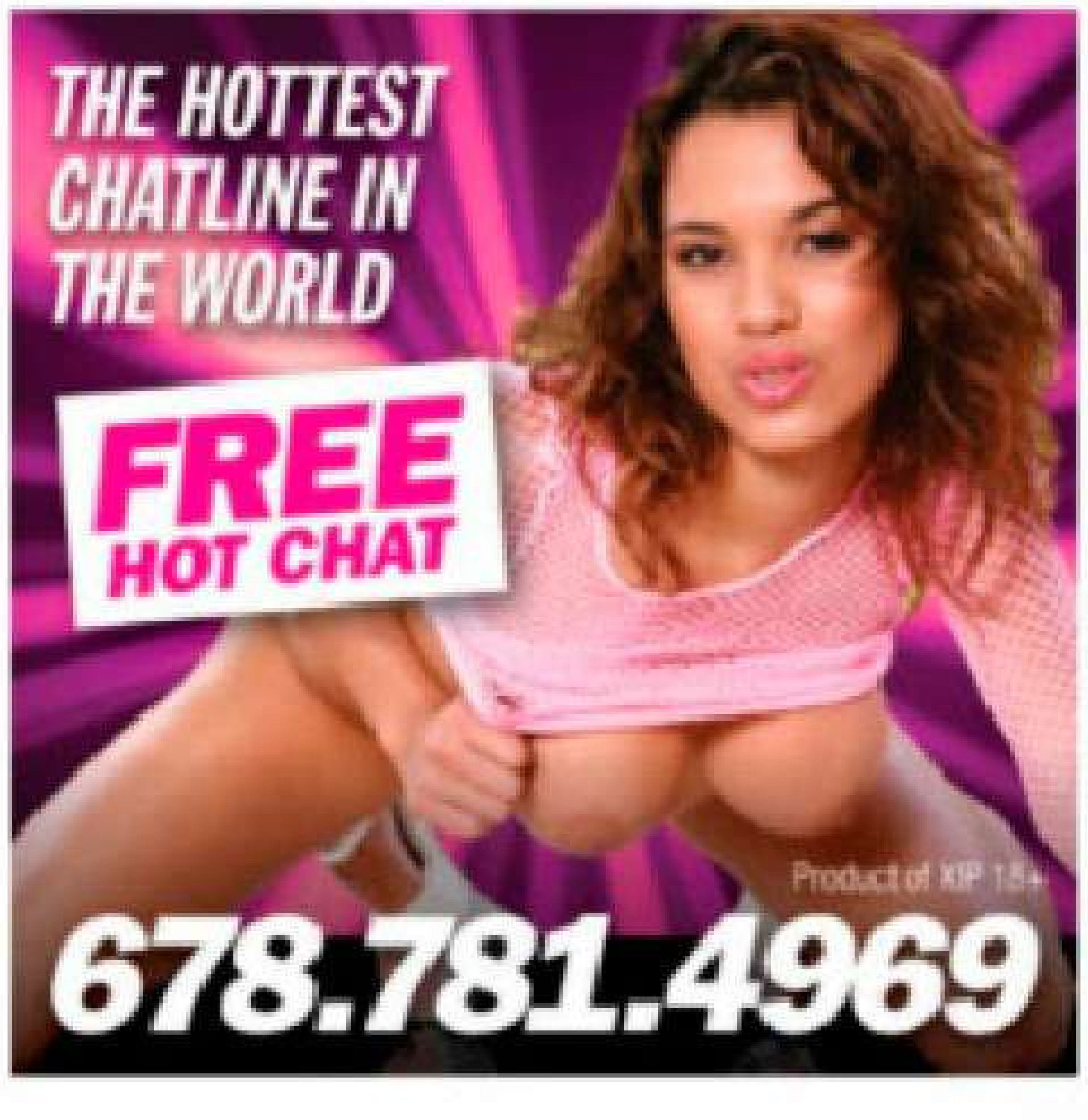
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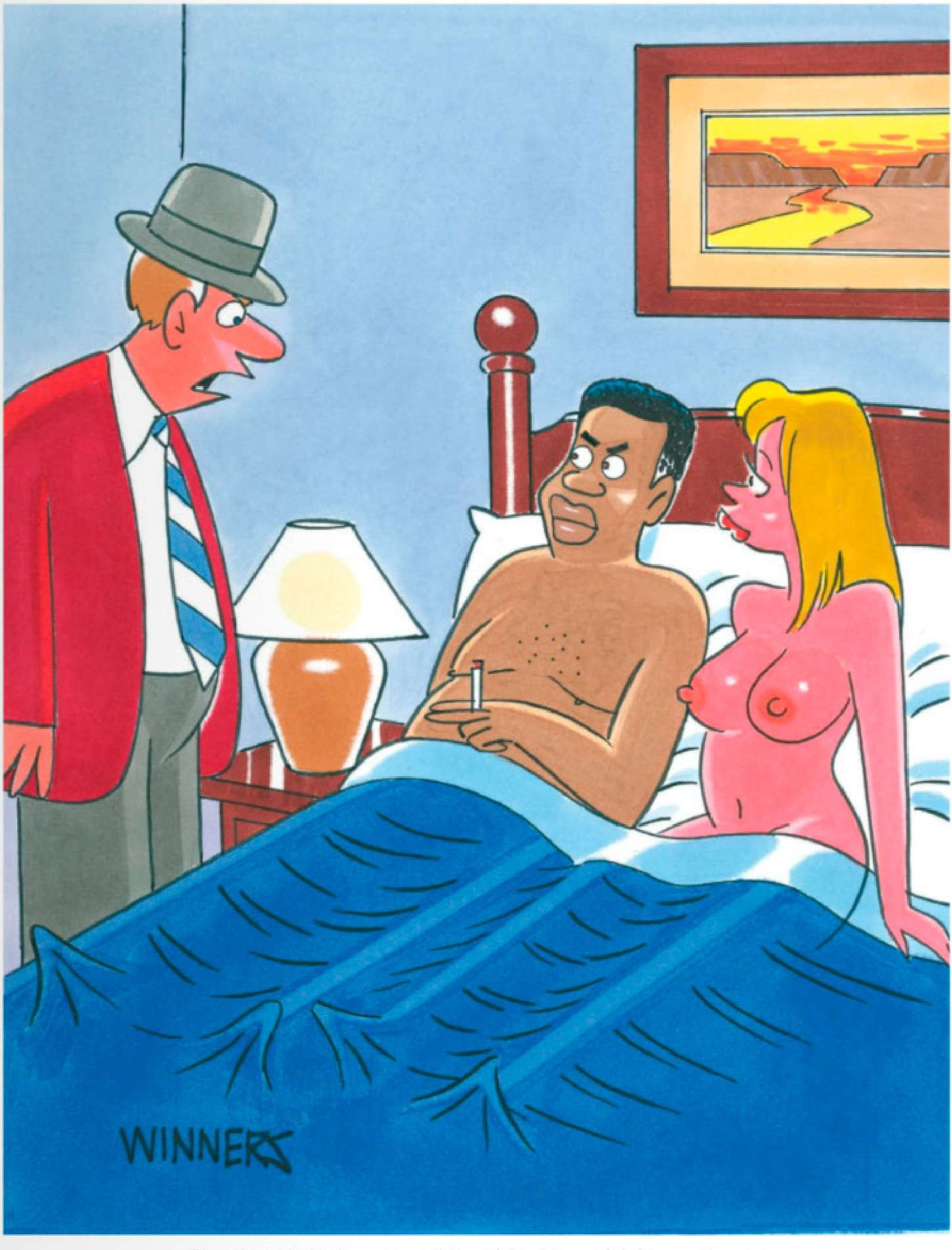

"Let's not bring race into this. I wouldn't want you fucking my wife even if you were white!"

BACK IN BLACK

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ANA FOXXX

HELLY MAE HELLFIRE
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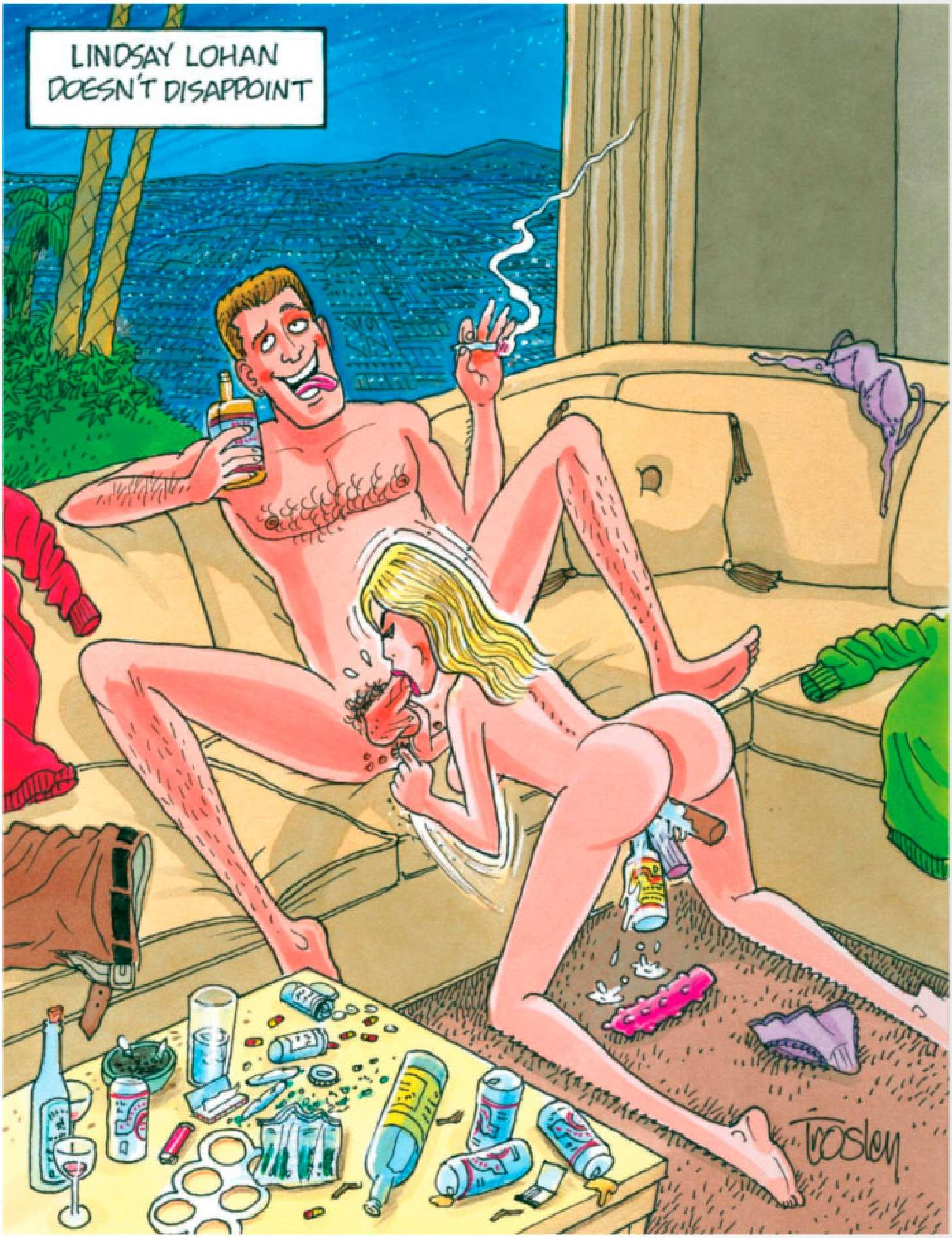
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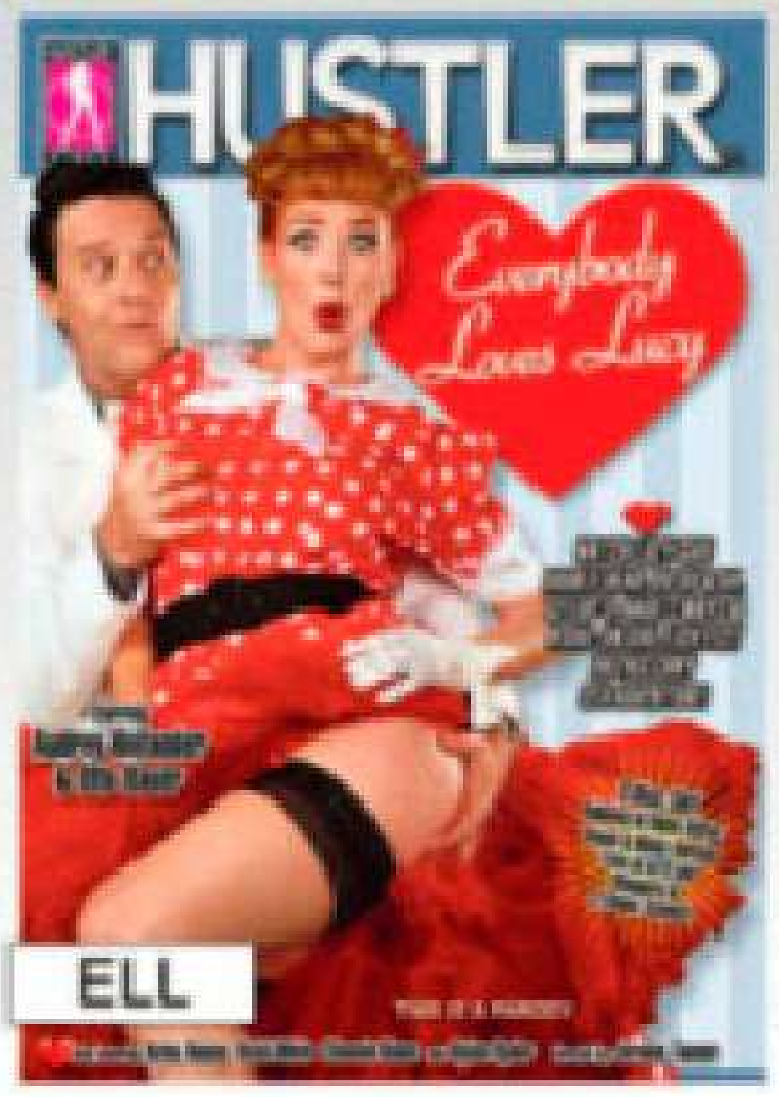
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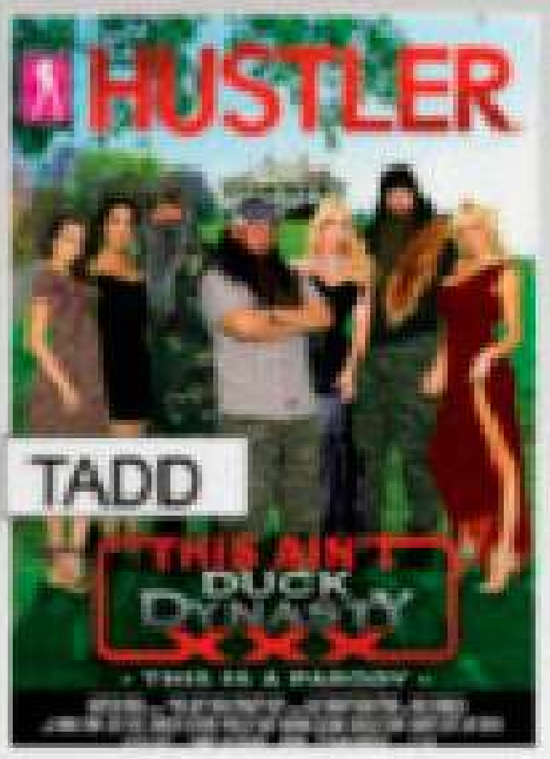
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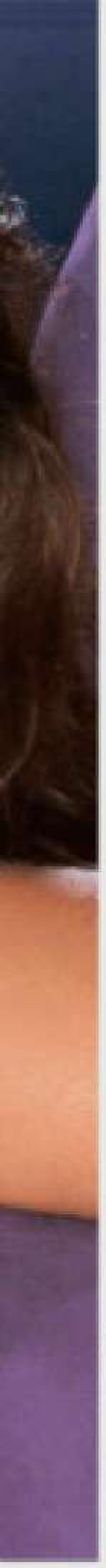
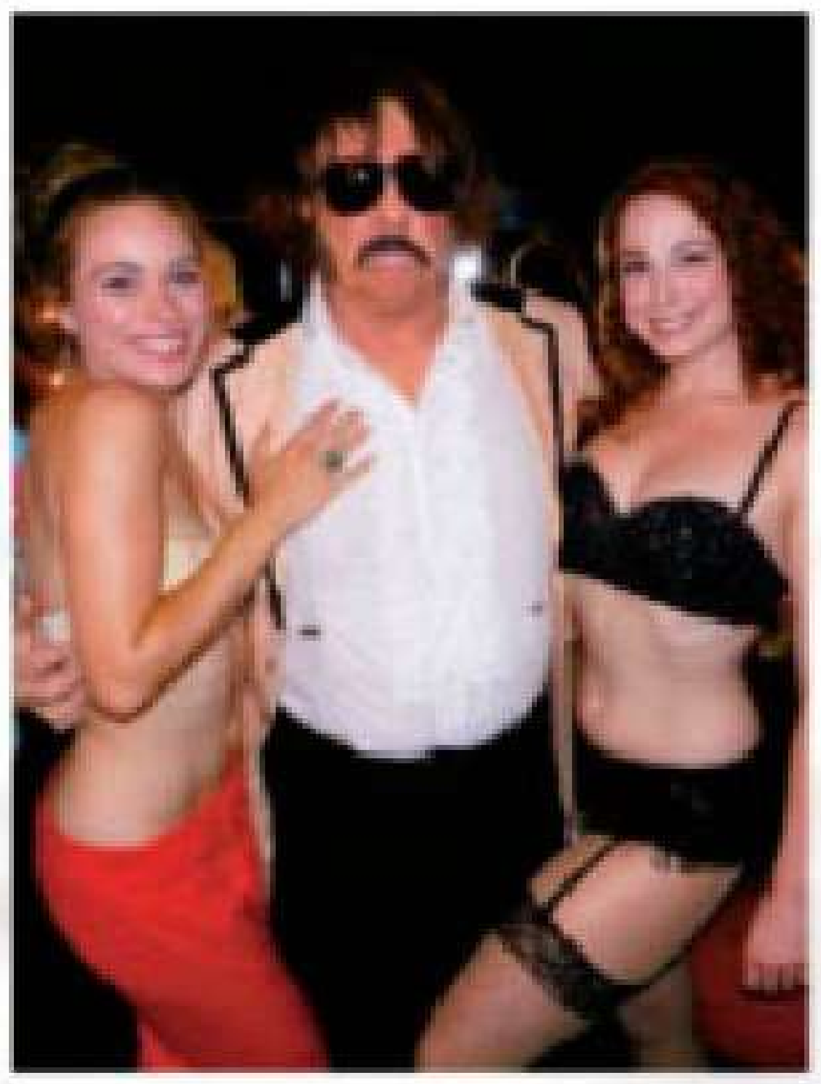


Cattlemen such as Joel always stop by **Tatiana**'s Hoboken apartment for a bewitching tit-fuck when they make their way east. "I insist on wrapping my milkers around their searing cocks," the blue-ribbon fuck toy declares. "I can usually talk these cowpunchers into branding my face with white-hot jizz. "Guys call me bossy," **Tatiana** ruminates, while lapping a blob of spoo from one of her pendulous udders. "I prefer to think of myself as a maverick."

COMING SOON



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